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LOOK NOT UPON THE DARK SIDE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ETTA S. ALLEN.

Oh, look not on the dark side,
Life has enough of care
To weave into its tissues,
Enough black threads are there;
But turn thee to the sunlight,
Or if o'ercast the sky,
Remember clouds will be dispelled
By sunshine by-and-bye.

Look not upon the dark side,
But count thy blessings o'er,
And thou wilt start in wonder
At the largeness of thy store;
Or if thy haughty neighbor hath
Of wealth the lion's share,
Oh, think he lacketh thy home rest,
And thou hath not his care.

Think of thy hoarded treasures,
Thy stores of princely wealth,
Thy innocent true pleasures,
And Life's best blessing, health.
Stand forth in ermined garments
That Virtue's hand hath given,
Bearing upon they manhood's brow
The signet seal of Heaven.

Go to thy life work bravely,
Toil in thy labor's yoke,
And light shall be the bondage,
And harmless fall the stroke—
While plough and loom and ledger,
And workshop, forge and field,
Send forth their titled noblemen,
Truth's sceptre proud to wield.

Aye! thou art of the noblest,
Thou standest in the van;
For the best of God's creations
Is an honest toiling man;
One who with firm endeavor
Does battle for the right,
And keeps the lamp of Virtue
Well-trimmed and burning bright.

Then look not on the dark side,
Though mists may hang between
The world-life of the present,
And the far, dim Unseen;
Yet soon those clouds of Error,
Dispersed shall roll away,
And thou shalt see the dawning
Of a new and glorious day!

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN THE WHITE WOLF SHOWS THE POINT OF HIS NOSE.

Didier took Broom-Blossom in his arms, and seated her on the turf near him. The poor child had no words; for she was too happy. She looked in silence at the handsome captain who smoothed gently the ringlets of her light hair. Their moistened eyes were full of smiles. The thick arbor which hid the sky from them enveloped them in its shade; and yet ever and anon, when the wind shook the branches, a fugitive beam of the sun wandered to their faces. It was a picture such as painters do not often draw; one of those which the poet delights in, and of which he dreams at those hours when poesy descends into his heart. After some minutes of silence, Broom-Blossom suddenly shook her long tresses of gold, and began to look with childlike joy on the new uniform of Didier.

"How well you look," said she; "how handsome you are, and how I love you."

Didier took her little white hand and raised it to his lips.

"You have grown taller," answered he; "you are more beautiful even than before."

Marie did not conceal her joy.

"So much the better," cried she; "I have been weeping, however; and tears disfigure young girls."

"What were you weeping for, Marie?"

"Because the desert paths of the forest spoke to me of you, and of your absence, Didier; because the grass has covered over with its green the places where you were wont to sit; because my father told me you would not return."

"Your father?" repeated Didier with surprise; "he knew then?"

"He knows everything," said the maiden, becoming grave; "it is vain to try to escape the eye of Pelo Rouan. He knows all."

Didier kept silence, and remained in thought.

"Who can tell what Pelo Rouan does?" said Marie emphatically. "He knew that, because he knows everything. When you left, he kissed my forehead, and said to me: 'Child, you must forget him; he is a Frenchman; and the French deceive the poor young girls. They are base, and they are liars.'"

Didier reddened and frowned.

"Pelo Rouan never lies," continued she. "I was afraid—but here you are. My father is mistaken. Don't you love me?"

It is unnecessary to write down Didier's reply. Time passed on. They sat near each other; exchanging those words which lovers know, but which have no meaning on paper.

While this was going on, Jude Leker tried to find his road through the thicket. He had at first great difficulty in hitting on the right direction, for there was no path; but at the end of some hundred feet he saw with surprise that a multitude of little paths crossed each other in every direction, and yet seemed all to converge to a common centre. He followed one of these tracks, and soon arrived on the border of that savage ravine which we already know by the name of the Wolf-Den.

With the exception of these concealed routes, which were not there of old, and which announced clearly the neighborhood of a numerous gathering of men, nothing was changed in the sombre look of the place. The same solitude seemed to reign as formerly. Jude descended, holding on by the branches, the banks of the ravine, and reached the point where towered the hollow oak. The face of the good equerry was sad and grave. He was thinking, doubtless, that the last time he had visited this scene, it was in the company of his deceased lord. He reflected too that the hollow of the oak might have proven an untrustworthy place of deposit, and that the fortune of Treml lay all among these knotty roots which broke through the sod. Before going into the interior of the tree, Jude examined the neighborhood carefully; he scrutinized keenly every bush, every tuft of furze; and fully convinced himself that he was alone. This examination discovered to him behind one of the ruined towers, a heap of rubbish, at the point where once rose the cabin of Matthew Blanc. "They were good dependants of Treml," murmured he on discovering these remains, "may God have their souls in his keeping!" In the interior of the tree, he found some remains of hoops, and nearly all the tools of John Blanc, but covered with rust, and in a state which did not permit of the belief that they had lately been used. Jude seized a pickaxe, and set to work with it.

While he wrought, an imperceptible movement took place in the bushes, and the heads of two men, masked by the help of a bit of wolf-skin, showed themselves. A third head, masked in white, protruded at the same instant from a high tuft of rushes that nearly touched the oak where Jude was working.

The three men, wearers of this odd disguise, rapidly exchanged a sign of intelligence. He with the white mask gave an order, without doubt; for the two others immediately drew back into their hiding places. The white mask lay down on the ground, and began to creep silently toward the tree. He passed slowly over the distance between him and it; then he thrust his head into one of the openings that time had made in the hollow trunk. His mask was in his way; he took it off, and discovered a face quite black with charcoal and smoke, the visage of Pelo Rouan.

Jude wrought on without ceasing, having no notion that a curious eye was following each of his movements. At the end of some minutes, the pick rebounded from a body hard and sonorous. Jude hastened to clear out the hole, and drew forth in a little while the iron coffer. After having examined it for a moment with anxiety to see if it had been meddled with in his absence, he took a key from the pocket of his doublet. At that moment, Pelo set about creeping back without noise to his concealment. Luckily for him; for Jude before opening the coffer, was struck with some sudden precaution, and went all round the oak, throwing his anxious looks all about. He saw no one; regained the hollow of the tree, and unlocked the coffer. Everything was there, untouched as on the day of deposit; gold and parchment. The good fellow could not restrain an exclamation of joy, believing that with this in his possession, George Treml, though a beggar, would have but one word to utter in order to recover his whole heritage. But an expression of sadness soon replaced his joyous smile; where was George Treml? Jude would have willingly have been already in the castle to inform himself of the child's fate. He put back the coffer in the hole which he covered over anew, taking care to efface, the best he could, the marks on the leaves. Then he came away. Pelo followed him with his eye as he left.

"It is certainly Jude," murmured he, "the equerry of Treml! No matter about the coffer. I shall see to-night what it contains. Meanwhile our people must have no suspicion of this mystery; for they might be beforehand with me."

Jude had disappeared. The two men with masks quitted their thicket, and made for the oak. They lifted the tools, searched every wrinkle of the bark, but found nothing. These two men were wolves.

"Master," said they, lifting their caps, "what did you see?"

Pelo Rouan shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a pity you don't live in the good city of Vitre. You are as curious as old women, and would make notable townsmen. I saw a rustic dig up two dozen pieces of six livres each, which he had buried in this place."

The two wolves looked at each other.

"That makes six golden louis," grumbled one of them; "and perhaps there are more about here."

"Search," said Pelo with affected indifference. "For my part I shall keep watch in your stead."

The two wolves hesitated one moment, but not long. They touched again their caps, and resumed their posts. Pelo put his white mask on once more.

"It is well," he said; "but remember this: When I am here, my eyes watch along with yours; I can pardon a moment's negligence, then. When I am at a distance, negligence becomes treason, and you know how I punish traitors. The police-soldiers have been seen in the forest, and perhaps at this very moment unfriendly eyes may be penetrating the depths of this ravine. The least imprudence might betray the secret of our retreat. Take care!" He uttered these words with a voice short and imperious. The two wolves replied humbly.

"Master, we will keep faithful guard."

Pelo took off the two pistols that hung at his belt, and hid them under his dress.

"I go to the castle," continued he, "to learn what we have to fear from these King's people. I will be back to-night." At these words he clambered up the acclivity with rapid pace and disappeared behind the forest trees.

"The White Wolf and the devil!" murmured one of the sentinels, "only these two can move so fast."

Guyot, he cried to his companion.

"Francis!" replied the other, "I would like, though, to see the bottom in the hollow of the oak."

"So would I. But——as he has spoken that settles it." In consequence of which the two made up their minds to keep watch.

Jude Leker crossed the underwood with a step more agile, and a heart more contented than the first time. One at least of his inquietudes was removed, and he had now in his hands means to buy back the rich domains of the house of Treml. Marie and Didier heard him coming from a distance. They had been two hours together; but the time had seemed so short to them. Marie rose with much regret.

"Good-by," said she, "you will not forsake me. Is it not so?"

"Never," replied the captain.

The boughs were pushed aside. Jude appeared. Didier was alone.

"You have lost no time, my man," said the latter gayly. "I did not expect you so soon."

Jude took this as a rebuke for his being so long; and huddled out a number of excuses.

"Come," cried the captain, who leapt into the saddle without touching the stirrup; "I must have fallen asleep and had a good dream, for I assure you I was by no means desirous of seeing you say sooner. By-the-bye, what of the treasure of Treml?"

"God has had it in His good keeping," replied Jude.

"So much the better. Now for the castle; at least if you have not some other mysterious expedition on hand."

Rarely can a Breton of the old stamp sympathise completely with this careless and communicative gayety that lies at the bottom of the French character. This sudden access of sportiveness tired honest Jude, the more because he was taken up with grave thoughts. He followed for some time in silence the young captain who hummed a tune, and seemed to be passing in review all the fashionable new songs of the day. At last, Jude pushed up his horse, and took speech in hand.

"Sir," said he, "my duty is weighty, and my talent limited. I count on your aid that you promised me."

"You are right, my man. I will do my best. Let's see. Explain to me a little what you expect of me."

"First of all," said Jude, "though twenty years have gone since I set foot for the last time in Tremlays Castle, I may possibly meet somebody there who will recognize me, and I have reasons for concealing myself. I would like, therefore, not to enter till night falls."

"Be it so. The weather is fine; we shall linger in the forest—but the expedient does not seem to me sufficient, for this weighty reason, that there are torches and wax candles in Mr. de Vannoy's castle."

"It is true," murmured Jude dolefully. "I had not thought of that."

The officer replied laughing:

"There's a way of managing the business; we shall get there wrapped up in our travelling cloaks, and I'll find some good pretext for screening you from indiscreet looks. Afterwards—what's the next thing?"

"I shall try to find out," said Jude, "one way or other, what has become of our little master."

Night came. The two travellers were introduced into the castle, as we have seen, and Simonnet, the overseer of the vineyard, took it on him to announce them. Mr. Hervey de Vannoy and his daughter Alice were in the parlor, in company with Miss Olive de Vannoy, Hervey's younger sister, and Mr. Bechamell, Marquis of Nointal, comptroller royal of taxes. The captain had been expected some hours before, though they knew not the name of the new functionary. The instant Simonnet pronounced the word captain, all of them rose and turned their looks to the door with a curiosity more or less intense.

The captain entered, followed by Jude, who kept near the door, his face shaded by his cloak. Didier came forward, hat in hand, with high bearing, and demeaning himself as suited a man habituated to the gallant manners of the court. His countenance seemed to astonish every one exceedingly, as might be deciphered in legible but differing characters on each of the four faces there. Miss Olive pinched her lips, while she played feverishly with her fan. Alice turned pale, and leant her arm on her chair. Vannoy allowed a nervous thrill to betray itself through his crafty smile. Last of all, the Marquis of Nointal performed the most deplorable grimace that you ever beheld on the visage of a great financier disagreeably surprised.

THE UNION REFUGEES.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, represents a statuette by John Rogers, recently on exhibition in New York. It was drawn for Frank Leslie's paper, and strikes us as possessing unusual merit as a work of art.

CHAPTER XV.

Didier bowed profoundly to the noble, salued Jude low respectfully Hervey de Vannoy, and very slightly the Comptroller Royal. Hervey forthwith forced back his benign smile, and stepped forward three paces to meet the officer.

"My young friend," he cried, in a tone the most cordial, you are thrice welcome. Something whispered to me that I would soon see you again, equestrian. Maybe hands, captain, shake hands!"

Didier met with extremely good grace this kind welcome. When he had kissed the hand of the two ladies, that of Alice in silence, and that of Miss Olive while making to her some usual compliment, he took his place near the Lord of Tremlays.

"His Majesty's order allowed me to choose between the hospitality of the Marquis of Nointal and yours. I thought that it would not displease you to receive me for a few days."

"My young companion, it gives me the greatest delight."

"I am obliged to you; and to put your kindness to the proof, I pray you to allow me to have my valet conducted at once to the room destined for me."

Miss Olive rang a silver bell placed near her on the mantelpiece.

"But first your servant will drink his evening cup with Master Allan, my steward," said Hervey de Vannoy.

At the name of Allan, Jude turned pale under his cloak.

"My valet is unwell," replied the captain. "What he needs is a good bed and repose."

"As you choose, my young friend."

A domestic entered, brought by the sound of Miss Olive's bell.

"Prepare a bed for this good man," said De Vannoy, "and treat him in all respects as the attendant of one whom I honor and love."

Didier bowed. Jude, keeping wrapped up in his mantle, went out after the domestic, who, do all he could, was not able to get a glimpse of his features.

We are old acquaintances of Mr. Hervey de Vannoy, the actual Lord of Tremlays and of Bouexis in Forest. These twenty years have not sufficiently changed his homely and smiling countenance, to make it necessary to give a new description of his person. Miss Olive, his sister, was a long dry woman, who had been very homely in the time of her youth. Age, unable to adorn her, effaced at least the excessive differences that separate beauty from ugliness. At fifty years what remains of a homely woman is much the same as what remains of a hourl. The expression of the face only, re-establishes the distinction; but that of Miss Olive expressed nothing at all; if it was not a vast conceitedness, obstinate pretensions to gentility, and a prudery beyond compare. She was dressed in the height of the fashion, wearing her waist short, and her hips immoderately stuffed out; an immense fan, and slippers of reddish brown without heels. Her cheek was speckled with patches of a great variety of forms; a line of black varnish gave an admirable arch to her eyebrows; while her hair was outrageously frizzled and powdered. We pass over in admiring silence the carmine laid in a thick coat on her lips; the vermillion delicately tinting her cheek-bones, and the infantine smile which added to so many divers charms a seduction altogether extraordinary.

Alice did not at all resemble her father; still less her aunt. She was tall; her stature exquisite in its proportions, had a grace full of nobleness. Her large forehead had, under the black ringlets of her unpowdered hair, an expression of proud modesty which was sweetened by the mild beam of her large blue eye. Her look was serious but not at all sad; while the pure lines of her mouth spoke of a nature pensive rather than melancholy. It was the perfect type of the Breton female, vigorous in its grace; as far removed from the contemplative inertia of the north as from the ardent passion of the south; uniting true sensibility to a firmness high and noble; capable of love; knowing how to suffer; able to put forth a devotedness soaring to heroism.

Hervey de Vannoy had taken to him a wife a year after the departure of Nicholas Treml; she died at the end of eighteen months. Alice the only fruit of this union, was now eighteen.

It now remains to speak of the comptroller. Antinous Bechamell, Marquis of Nointal, was a very agreeable man, of forty years, and a little more. He inclined the least possible to corpulence; not too much; a florid

complexion was his; a plump chest. His chin was not more than triple; everybody agreed in pronouncing the calf of his leg irreproachable. As to moral matters, he took his snuff from a tortoise shell box so finely wrought that all the mesdemoiselles inserted their pretty fingers into it with decency. His full-dress coat had on it diamond buttons, each of which would have sold for twenty thousand livres. He had a habit of shaking the lace of his frill and of lifting the point of his rapier to the height of his shoulder, which were entirely his own; and his memory, well cultivated, enabled him, borrowing from others and from books, to utter witticisms that kept in circulation six weeks after. Besides, he had an incomparable appetite, wherein he sacrificed a good third of his revenue; and a digestion like an ostrich. To sum it all up, he was by no means more grotesque than the greater part of the noble financiers of his time.

The Marquis of Nointal had in Brittany numerous and important occupations. First of all, he loved insanely Alice de Vannoy, whom he was determined, at any price, to make his wife. Vannoy would have liked nothing better; but Alice seemed to be of an opinion diametrically opposite, and it was a pity to see the great man losing his gallantries, his love verses improvised at the spur of memory, and especially, the marvels of his kitchen, the excellence of which is historical. However, he was not discouraged, and redoubled every day his efforts however useless.

In the second place, he had charge of the taxes. This charge, which must not in any way be likened to the government bank of our Receivers General, necessitated, in Brittany especially, a very great outlay of activity. The province, in fact, wanted by turns, money and will, to pay the heavy imposts that weighed upon it.

In the third place, and this was, you may be sure, the employment he valued the most, Bechamell had supreme authority as to all proofs of nobility throughout the province. This right of investigation was inherent in the office of Intendant or Comptroller; for the gentry were not subject to tax, and so, under a false pretence to nobility, a number of plebeians had been able to withdraw themselves from under the imposts; but Bechamell held this right by a title still more explicit. He had secured, by paying a considerable sum annually to the crown, the verification of titles, deeds and charters; and in virtue of this contract he alone pocketed the fines pronounced at his instance by the Breton parliament against all the low born who had assumed the condition of gentlemen. Consequently it was his interest to detect usurpers. Thus he hesitated not to overthrow family charters, and was so harsh in this that the lords even who were devoted to the monarch held him in bad odor. But people feared him yet more than they detested him. In fact, in a province like Brittany, a country of good faith and old use and wont, where many gentlemen, strong in the possession of immemorial estates, had neither titles nor parchments, the power of Bechamell had a terrific sweep. Harsh spirited, greedy, narrow-hearted, sympathising only with modern customs, destitute of true benevolence, with but that surface courtesy which procures for those skilled in it the meaningless name of "excellent soul," the Intendant was an unpitying tyrant. Whoever gave him the amount of the fine, and some thousands of livres besides in the shape of a gratuity, was sure not to be disturbed, whatever might be the temerity of his pretensions; for ten thousand crowns he would have allowed a lackey's son to assume the title of duke. But if you had not money, you needed to get out of his claws, a most unquestionable right; and the traditions of the period have recorded that many people of quality were degraded by him to the condition of men of ignoble birth.

One might have thought that Mr. de Vannoy, who had no regular family papers to show, would have trembled in such a man's presence. Wicked tongues pretended that he had begun by disbursing to a considerable amount; but in the position of Vannoy, this was not enough. Placed by a sale in the rights of Tremi, whose name he took, and whose arms, too, in the room of his own dubious escutcheon, he had too much to fear not to seek by all means to conciliate his judge. A withdrawal of nobility from him would have stripped him of his title, which he valued much, and of his property, which he valued more; for it was his rank of gentleman, and his relationship, that had given him the right of purchasing the Tremi domain. Happily for him, Bechamell met him more than halfway. This coarse personage had thrown himself, as it were, in his arms, in his making no mystery of his passion for Alice. This was a stroke of good luck, and Vannoy knew how to profit by it. Bechamell and he grew to be close friends; and though the comptroller was the stronger of the two, he let himself be much swayed by the superior tact of his new friend. We need not tell you that Bechamell received a promise of the hand of Alice; yet this did not prevent Vannoy from favoring in some degree the intimacy which was established at Rennes between the young lady and Didier; for which no doubt the father had his reasons.

During the abode of Didier at Rennes, Bechamell had noticed this intimacy with Alice. This explains the grimace of the financier at sight of the young officer.

The repast is always the most important part of Breton hospitality. After a little, master Allan, the major-domo, decorated with his silver chain of office, and his eyes red with his bacchanalian sleep, threw open the folding door, and announced supper.

"To-morrow we will talk of business," said Vannoy, gayly. "Now, let us sup."

"Let us sup," said Bechamell; to whom the word restored a part of his serenity.

Alice arose, and instinctively tendered her hand to Didier; it was Bechamell who took it. The captain, by design, or because he could do no better, contented himself with the bony fingers of Miss Olive. We will not recount the history of the supper, eager as we are to arrive at events of more importance. We will only say that Vannoy, while expressing over and over again, his warm regard for Didier, exchanged more than one equivocal look with Allan, to whom, towards the close of the entertainment, he gave an order in a low voice. Allan gave this order again, to a valet of a disagreeable aspect, whom Vannoy the year before had seduced from the service of the Governor of the province, and whose name was Lapierre.

While this went on, Bechamell paid his usual court. Alice gave no attention to him, and turned, from time to time, her looks sad and surprised, to the captain, who was talking very assiduously to Miss Olive.

Vannoy himself conducted the captain to the door of his bed-chamber, and wished him good-night. Jude was there already. He was stalking through the room with long steps, plunged in deep thought.

"Well," said his master to him; "are you satisfied with me? Have I kept you from prying eyes?"

"Sir, I thank you," responded Jude.

"Have you learned anything?" said Didier.

"Nothing about the child; and that is a bad beginning. But I know that Dame Goton, who was his nurse, is now housekeeper of the castle. She will give me some news. I will have to keep very close; for I have an enemy here; Allan, the old steward of Tremi."

"I, too," said the captain, "can say the same. I have seen the face of a knave, who was valet to the Count of Toulouse, Governor of Brittany, and who, I strongly suspect, was by no means a stranger to a certain nocturnal attack made on me last year. But we shall clear up all this. For the present, let us sleep."

The captain threw himself on his bed. Jude continued his vigil.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF MR. DE VANNOY.

The captain slept, dreaming perhaps in turn, of the noble Alice and of the lowly daughter of the forest; for in spite of the systematic coldness he had put on, he could not think of the former without a lively emotion. Jude paced the chamber, and tasked his honest and simple brain to find out some means of discovering the son of Tremi. Bechamell dreamed of a favorite dish; Miss Olive built a castle in the air, where she saw herself the wife and mistress of a gallant officer of his Majesty King Louis XV. Lastly, Alice sought sleep in vain, and contended against a fever of the heart; for she had suffered much this evening. She did not wish to interrogate her heart; but that heart spoke in spite of her. Previously she had not seen any other obstacle between her and happiness but her duty and the will of her father; but now, it was an abyss that opened before her. Didier had forgotten her.

In the private apartment of Mr. de Vannoy, the double door of which was carefully shut, three men were holding a kind of council. They were De Vannoy himself, Allan, his steward, and the valet, Lapierre. Allan was now aged. His rude physiognomy, on which drunkenness had left ignoble traces, had no other expression save a stupid, unpitying hardness. Lapierre was forty-five or fifty. His face had not the Breton stamp. His sharp features, his look wily and almost scared, approached the Angerine type. He was, in fact, originally from the southern part of Anjou, a district particularly fertile in vagabonds and mountebanks. Up to the age of five-and-twenty he had carried on, here and there, the respectable and threefold profession of vender of quack medicines, swallower of swords, and tumbler on the tight rope. At that epoch he entered as footman the house of the Governor of Brittany. Lapierre had then with him a young child, of whom he made use to draw the public to his shows. The child was beautiful; the Count of Toulouse took a fancy for it; made it his page; and at the end of some years one of the gentlemen of his palace. Lapierre, continuing a footman, conceived a thorough rancor against one formerly his slave, now his superior. He, during the abode at Rennes of the Governor, presented himself to Vannoy, and requested a private conversation with him. This conference was long, and Vannoy changed color more than once at the words of the old buffoon. Lapierre, before leaving him, received a purse well filled, and a few days after Vannoy took him into his service. From that moment the lord of Tremlays began to show attention to the young page Didier, which threw the Marquis of Nointal into furious fits of jealousy. A few weeks later Didier was treacherously attacked by night in the streets of Rennes.

It was past midnight. Hervey de Vannoy walked up and down much agitated, while the two servants were comfortably seated near the fire. Lapierre was balancing himself in equilibrium on the hind feet of his chair, with a skill that told of his old profession; Master Allan hugged under his coat a certain tin flask, square, large, always filled with brandy, and to which he wished an occasion to say a word or two, seeming to combat sleep with difficulty.

"My God!" cried Vannoy, repeatedly, striking the ground with his foot, and stopping in front of his attendants. Allan started like a man roused suddenly from slumber. Lapierre lost not his equilibrium. "You were three to one," said Vannoy, whose anger went on increasing. "It was night. Three men with rapiers against one with a ball-room sword, and you let him escape you!"

"I would you had been there to see," murmured Allan heavily. "The young knave fought like a devil. May I die if I did not feel ten times the wind of his weapon just under my moustache."

"For my share of it I felt his weapon still nearer," said Lapierre, who lifted aside his shirt-collar and showed a triangular scar; "and Joachim, our poor comrade, felt it better still than I did, for he was left on the spot. I pray God to have mercy on his soul."

"So be it," grumbled Allan.

"I pray the devil to take your soul," cried Vannoy.

"You were afraid, Master Allan, and you, Lapierre, cursed mountebank, you ran away with your scratch of a wound."

"We should have fared like Joachim, isn't it so?" demanded the steward, beginning to get into a passion; "yes, I know well enough you would like us better dead than alive."

"Silence," interrupted Hervey, who shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

Allan obeyed with a bad grace, and Vannoy began again his solitary promenade, stamping with his foot, clenching his fists, and hissing forth an oath every now and then. The two valets looked at each other.

"This will cost him two gold louis," whispered Lapierre. Master Allan seized this moment to swallow a bumper, making an affirmative sign with his head, and the two smiled sullenly, like people sure of the result. At the end of some minutes Vannoy suddenly stopped, and put his hand in his pocket.

"I think," said he, recovering his wheedling smile, "that I am in a bad humor, my worthy friends. Anger is a sin; I wish to do penance; here is something with which to drink my health, my boys." He drew two golden louis from his purse. The two valets took them and peace was made.

"Let us consider now," continued Vannoy, "how to get out of this dilemma."

"When I was an itinerant doctor," replied Lapierre, "if one dose of my elixir was not sufficient, I gave a second."

"That's it," cried the major domo, whom the square bottle had restored to eloquence; "we must double the dose; we were three; we will send six."

"And this time I warrant a cure," added the ex juggler.

Vannoy shook his head.

"Impossible!" said he.

"Why so?"

"Because he distrusts us. Besides, times are changed. Before, he was a young fool, haunting dangerous places at night, and his death would have excited no suspicion. I was not charged with the police of the streets of Rennes. Now, he is an officer of the King; and my guest on state business. His abode at Tremlays has an official character in it. Holy hospitality, my lads, forbids killing him; it could not be done with safety. We must find some other way."

"What think you of poison?"

"No, that would be worse. It is an unlucky affair. One day or other chance may reveal to him the very thing which he must not dream of. And who can assure me he does not know already? What room has been given him?"

"The nurse's room," replied Allan. "You led him to the door."

Vannoy turned pale.

"The nurse's room!" repeated he, starting; "the room where the cradle once was! How stupid of me."

"Bah!" cried Laplerre, "one room is like another room."

This did not seem to reassure Mr. de Vannoy, who replied with alarm:

"And this sick servant? He seemed to have some interest in concealing him; who may he be?"

"As to that," replied Lapierre, "that is more than I can tell. He kept his cloak over his eyes, and I could not see so much as the point of his nose."

"Strange!" murmured Vannoy, impelled like all who are on the rack of conscious guilt, to see even in the most ordinary event some menacing aspect; "I like not this mystery. I wish to know who this man is."

"There will likely be daylight to-morrow," interrupted the mountebank, philosophically.

"This night instantly!" cried Vannoy, with a voice broken and almost wild. "Something tells me that the presence of this man is a danger or a misfortune. Follow me!"

Lapierre was tempted to reply that in all likelihood the captain and his man were both of them asleep by this advanced hour of the night, but Vannoy had spoken in a tone admitting of no rejoinder. The two serving men rose. Vannoy opened the door noiselessly, and all the three went on without a light into the long corridor which ran from one wing of the building to another. After a few steps, Hervey stopped, and pressed strongly the arm of his major domo.

"They are not asleep," said he in a low tone, pointing out a luminous point that shone in the darkness at the other end of the corridor. It was from the chamber occupied by the captain that this light came. "What can they be about at this hour?" continued Vannoy; "if they are conversing, we shall listen. A word may remove or confirm my alarm, and if I have reason to fear that he knows, or even suspects, his mission will not save him."

He continued to glide along the walls, The major domo, who was completely aroused, went foremost. On arriving at the captain's door, he put his eye to the keyhole. Jude was on his knees near the bolster of his bed, and was praying, his head between his two hands. Allan could not see his face. At the end of some seconds, the old equerry finished his prayer, and rose. The light fell straight on his visage. Master Allan started back violently.

"I know that man," said he.

Vannoy darted forward, and in his turn put his eye to the keyhole; but he saw only the red, smoky wick of the light which Jude had blown out before throwing himself on his bed.

"You know him; who is he?"

Master Allan pressed his forehead, seeking to recall his recollections.

"I know him; I have seen him," he said at length; "but where? I cannot tell. But when? It must have been a very long time ago.

Vannoy swallowed down a blasphemy. The philosophe Lapierre repeated: "To-morrow there will be daylight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ There is a factory in Portland, Me., that preserves and prepares for the army, from five hundred to a thousand bushels of potatoes a day. A bushel of potatoes weighs sixty pounds; all the water is absorbed, leaving about five pounds of nutriment, which is ground up, giving it the appearance of Indian meal. It is cooked by returning the water to it in a boiling state, and keeping it hot from ten to fifteen minutes, when it swells like starch, and again assumes the appearance of potato prepared for the table.

☞ When General Jeff. Thompson of the Confederate army, now a prisoner of war in Alton, Ill., arrived at Pilot Knob, after his capture, he expressed himself to Gen. Fisk as much dissatisfied with the conduct of the people of South-East Missouri, in not remaining true to the rebel cause. "Two years ago," said Jeff., "they were as plucky as need be. On my way up this time, I whispered to them wherever I got a chance, and told them to keep up good courage. I thought they would be all right, but curse them, they had to take out their note-books to see which oath of allegiance they took last."

☞ John B. Gough says he once showed a lady a picture of Raphael's "Holy Family," asking her opinion of it, when she exclaimed—"Lor! how cunning!"

☞ A pipe smoking employee in the stock of the Pennsylvania Oil Company, at Milwaukie, recently exploded a cask of benzine, and the explosion and the fire that ensued caused a loss of $40,000.

☞ A manufacturing establishment in Winsted, Conn., makes about four thousand pins per minute through twelve hours of every day.

☞ One of the Lord Dundrearys of the West End, says the only parting that ever troubled him, was the parting of his back hair.

☞ We should have a glorious conflagration if all who cannot put fire into their books would put their books into the fire.

☞ It seems the one grand study in London, is how to make money; and if a person happens to live in a house one side of which has no windows, you'll find it all covered with show-bills of every description, for which he is to be liberally paid by the advertisers. Dead walls and fences are "let out" at so much a week for this purpose, and it's quite a business, too, many having got rich by this means alone.

☞ One of the happiest witticisms on record, is related by the Boston correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette: "I heard, the other day, of a *bon mot* made by Longfellow, the poet. Young Mr. Longworth, from your city, being introduced to him, some one present remarked upon the similarity of the first syllable of the two names. 'Yes,' said the poet, 'but in this case I fear Pope's line will apply:

'*Worth* makes the man, the want of it the *fellow*.'"

☞ UNFORTUNATES.—There is a couple in Cincinnati who have been engaged to be married for the past five years, but no time has occurred within that period when they were both out of prison at the same time.

☞ Bishop Colenso, who has so disturbed the Church of England by his historical doubts, is described as "almost seven feet high, slender but well formed, remarkably erect and handsome, with clear cut features and eyes full of light."

A NEW MAGAZINE, FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

UNRIVALLED CORPS OF WRITERS:

Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mary Howitt,
Marion Harland, Author of "Alone."
Mrs. E. D. Randolph,
Elton. C. Donnelly,
C. M. Trowbridge,
Margaret Hosmer,
Virg'a. F. Townsend,
Mrs. M. A. Denison,
Clara Augusta,
Laura J. Arten,
Augusy Bell,
Anna L. G——,
Charles Morris,
Helen M. Pratt,
Maggie C. Hoyt,
Mrs. Anna Bache,
Lucinda B. Browne,
Carrie Meyer,
Mrs. M. F. Tucker,
Fanny M. Hathorne,
Frec'k. H. Brerefield,
Mrs. L. D. Berard,
Caroline A. Bell,
Annie F. Kent,
Sophie May,
Harrie Byrne,
Mrs. Z. B. Spencer,
Mattie Dyer Britts,
Annie Russell,
Miss A. L. Murray,
Sara J. Rumsey,
Clara Dott,
Hann'y. W. Stillman,
Minnie May,
Arthur Hampton,
T. J. Chambers,
Barbara Bravin,
and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Schwussele*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazines.

Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ A negro woman in Providence lately tied a string round the tongue of a child seven years of age. After placing the little one on tip-toe, she tied the string round a nail, causing the sufferer to stand in this position all night. The monster is to be proceeded against, and should have the severest penalty the law admits inflicted on her.

☞ According to letters from Rome, the Pope has had a grand auto da fé made on an immense pile in the gardens of the Vatican of all the documents which might seem to compromise the dogma of the temporal power.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies"

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year*—would simply announce their Prospectus for 1864, that they shall be maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest, and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best Stories that *Sketches*, and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A New Novel, by Mrs. Wood,

Author of "EAST LYNNE," &c.,

From advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This Story will be called

"OSWALD GRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best Stories from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE POST and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

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4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	12.00
20 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	28.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3.00

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ MEXICAN LIFE.—The girls and boys do nothing but play till they are twenty-one. Then they marry, and spend the rest of their days in visiting country cousins, smoking, eating soup, and going to mass.

☞ The Columbus, Ohio, Express, says: "We understand that Wray Thomas, Mayor of this city, and Peter Ambos, Esq., made the following bet: If Brough should be elected Governor, Mayor Thomas was to turn a grindstone in the public square for two consecutive days, on which the Union men were to grind their knives. If Vallandigham should be elected, Mr. Ambos was to turn the stone for Vallandigham men to grind. Vallandigham is beaten, and we are told the Mayor has already commenced training and sweating off his surplus fat to get ready."

☞ When a man wants money, friends, or assistance, this world is very apt to accommodate him and let him want.

☞ The only people with whom it is a joy to sit silent, are the people with whom it is a joy to talk.

☞ The officials connected with the conscription department of the Government have finally conceded that conscripts in the late draft who have paid $300 for exemption, will be exempted from any other draft for three years. The former decision that they would be held liable to the next draft has been abandoned.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV'R 21, 1863.

RETOUCHED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Briefs of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE COMING YEAR.

We lay before our readers this week, on our second page, the new Prospectus of THE POST, and also that of THE LADY'S FRIEND.

As for THE POST, we expect to make it, during the next year, what it has been through this. If we knew how to please our readers better, we might try to do it—but we do not. No periodical in the land—we make no exception—has, in our opinion, published literary matter in the line of fiction, manifesting greater ability than that published in THE POST. And we design commencing with our first number in January, a new story by Mrs. Wood—the advance sheets being forwarded to us from England.

As to the new Magazine, our readers will see by reading the Prospectus, what we design "THE LADY'S FRIEND" to be. We expect to make it useful, ornamental, and highly interesting. The literary matter especially, we design having of a first-rate character, and think the list of contributors on whom we will rely, justifies us in such an expectation. The first number will be, in this respect, if we are not greatly mistaken, an admirable one.

Of course, we shall be especially pleased if our old friends of THE POST will aid in giving our new Magazine a successful launch upon the pleasant waters of literature. We have arranged our prices with an especial reference to this. The prices of both publications being the same, every facility is offered for the making up of clubs—while three dollars will bring any one a copy of both periodicals.

As to the clubs, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper. This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

☞ AN EARLY BEGINNING IN THE MATTER OF MAKING UP CLUBS, CONDUCES GREATLY TO THEIR SUCCESS.

CROMWELL'S EXAMPLE.

Oliver Cromwell, among his many remarkable traits of character, seems to have possessed a full share of that rather uncommon article, "common sense." An old maxim says that if you would be certain to have a thing done right, do it yourself; and Cromwell seems to have been a man very little given to leaving things to chance. Thus a curious extract from the Earl of Orrery's State Letters, shows how Cromwell himself, disguised as a simple trooper, intercepted one of the messengers of the king, and possessed himself of a very important letter. Most commanders would have employed some trusty officer, of a low grade, for such an enterprise; but Cromwell did not want any failure in the matter, and therefore undertook the job in his own person, attended by one of his chief men. The whole account is so curious and interesting, that we quote it as follows:—

While Cromwell was meditating how he could best "come in" with Charles, one of his spies—of the king's bedchamber—informed him that his final doom was decreed; and that what it was might be found out by intercepting a letter sent from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head that night to the Blue Boar Inn, in Holborn; for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle; but some persons at Dover did. Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, taking with them a trusty fellow, went to the inn in Holborn; and this man watched at the wicket, while the troopers continued drinking hour till about ten o'clock; when the espial cried, the gate gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Up they got, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, they, with drawn swords, declared they were to search all who went in and out there; but asked him what his honest mark was, they would only search his saddle. Upon this they ungirt the saddle and carried it into the stall where they had been drinking, and left the horseman with the sentinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, they found the letter, and gave back the saddle to the man, who, not knowing what he had done, went away to Dover. They then opened the letter, in which the king told the queen that he thought he should close with the Scots. Cromwell and Ireton then left the horses and went to Windsor; and, finding they were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, they immediately from that time forward resolved his ruin.

ANCIENT ESTATES.

In a recent editorial article we alluded to the fact that even what estates were not entailed in England, such was the influence of example and custom, that they were often handed down from father to son for long generations. Corroborative of this, we find the following facts in a recent number of an English periodical:—

The interesting and often-quoted statement made some time since by Lord Palmerston, respecting the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in his own neighborhood in the new forest, relates, as is well-known, to the family of Purkis, the lime-burner, who picked up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his humble cart to Winchester to receive the last sad rites. But we can place upon record a case of still longer descent of a small property among persons in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have never risen above the condition of yeomen; while, we believe, they have never fallen below it. At Ambrose's Barn, on the borders of the parish of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the name of Wapshot, whose ancestors have lived, without a break, upon the same spot, ever since the reign of Alfred the Great, by whom the farm was granted to Reginald Wapshot. There are several families among our untitled gentry—the county aristocracy, who can trace their names and possessions in a direct male descent back to the Saxon times; but below that rank we are not aware of a more striking instance of permanence among change than the past history of the Wapshots.

There is something very pleasant in this long continuance of an estate in the same family—but we are afraid that it is often the result of considerable injustice to the younger sons and daughters. The claims of the latter to a fair and equal portion of the father's property, must of course be sacrificed to the dignity of the estate and of the family name. Is it not paying, as Dr. Franklin would say, rather "too dear for the whistle!" Probably the younger children generally would decide that it was.

THE COLORS.

It has been found, while firing at the running man target at Wimbledon, England, which is scarlet on one side and gray on the other, that the scarlet dazzles the eye, and is hence difficult to hit, from leaving a red streak behind it, which unsettles the aim. The gray side was struck seventy-four times, and the red only forty-two times.

Notwithstanding the above, we are still inclined to think the red the most dangerous color. For what is true of a running man, probably would not be true of a stationary one. And then again, we must take into consideration the number of shots which each color will be apt to receive. Now if there were the two sets of troops to fire at, would not the red uniforms be apt to get double the number of shots that the gray ones would? And while of course this would make no difference were all the uniforms red—for there could be no such instinctive choice then—still it does, we think, make a great difference when a portion of an army only is clothed in red.

Besides, at a great distance, would not the red be easily seen, while the gray might almost pass unnoticed? We suppose the old idea in clothing the riflemen in green, was that they might be employed to better advantage as skirmishers—their dress not being so distinctly recognized when they were lying on the grass, or stealing through the green foliage of the thickets and woods.

THE OBSERVER.—This is the well-chosen name of a new Sunday paper that has recently been started in this city. Mr. Richard Meade Bache, a gentleman of ability and culture, is the editor and proprietor. His design is to make a perfectly unexceptionable paper, and yet one full of life and interest. The sales of the first number, we believe, were very satisfactory.

RE-ELECTED.—Professor Amarelli has been re-elected Professor of the Italian language and literature in the University of Pennsylvania.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "Verner's Pride," "East Lynne," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

☞ Novel writing is getting to be a mania with the women of England. Six hundred novels a year, nearly two a day, are published in England, and written by women.

☞ The trouble with the Confederate currency is that the rebels themselves have not faith enough in it to convert it into bonds.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Pennsylvania Branch, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Mr. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer, N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.*

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. P. GRIER, *Ch'rm'n.*
Mrs. R. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
} Ex-Officio.

PRISONERS IN RICHMOND.

An official arrangement having been made with the rebel authorities, the following articles have been forwarded by us for the use of our prisoners in Richmond:—

600 woolen shirts.
600 canton flannel drawers.
600 pairs woolen socks.
1000 handkerchiefs.
2 cases reading matter.

The receipt of the above articles has been acknowledged by Brigadier-General Neal Dow, one of the prisoners; and an arrangement has been made to forward supplies weekly, of such articles as are required, of which General Dow will keep us advised. It is hoped that we shall be able to send with the supplies to Belle Island, an agent to attend to their distribution, and the proper preparation of food for the sick; negotiations for that purpose having commenced. All articles of diet contributed for these sufferers, will be shipped directly, by our Branch, to Norfolk, and thence to their destination. Farinaceous food, stimulants, vegetables, and dried fruit, are in demand.

Letters to prisoners at Richmond, should be of one page, sent open, to care of Brigadier-General S. A. Meredith, Commissioner for Exchange, Fortress Monroe, Va.

It does not seem to be generally known in Delaware, that the provisions purchased in such large quantities in that state, by the Sanitary Commission, for the use of the Washington hospitals, are paid for out of the funds of the respective hospitals. In a future number, we shall give an explanation of this work.

DONATIONS.

MONDAY, Nov. 9th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Aid Society, Flemington, Clinton county, Pa., Miss Kate McNaughton, Sec'y, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, 11th Baptist church, 4 packages.
Gillette & Scott, empty boxes.
Soldiers' Aid, Carlisle, Cumberland county, 1 box.
Soldiers' Aid, Clifford, Susquehanna county, 1 barrel.
Unknown, 1 box.
Mrs. Rhea Barton, socks.
A Friend, 1 box.
Mrs. Stille, arm slings.
Mrs. A. Sill, thumb-stalls.
Miss Kernan, handkerchiefs.
Dobson & Peterson, Saturday Evening Posts.
Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery co., 1 bbl.
Ladies' Aid, Mifflintown, Juniata co., 1 box.
Covington, Tioga county, 2 barrels potatoes.
Woolwich Aid Society, Swedesboro', N. J., 9 boxes, Mary B. Garrison, Sec'y.
Whitpain Ladies' Aid, Centre Square, Montgomery county, 1 box, S. A. Conard.
Soldiers' Aid, Meadville, Tioga county, Sarah E. Morris, Sec'y, 2 boxes.
Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing, Miss E. H. Haven, Sec'y, 1 package.
Girard Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y, woolen drawers.
General Aid, Trenton, N. J., books.
Aid Society, Dimock, Susquehanna county, 1 barrel, 1 keg, 1 tub, Miss Woodruff, Sec'y.
Mrs. George Plitt, 10 pairs woolen socks.
Mrs. Rhea Barton, woolen drawers.
Aid Society, Flemington, Clinton county, 1 package, Miss K. McNaughton.
St. Paul's church, Chestnut Hill, 1 box, 1 pkg., Miss Taylor, Sec'y.
Ladies' Aid, Lynn, Susquehanna co., 1 barrel.
Marshfield, Tioga county, 1 box.
Ladies' Aid, Towanda, Bradford county, 1 box.
Mrs. John Wilmer, 2 boxes.
Mrs. Henry Lea, 1 package.
Aid Society, Kennet Square, 1 box, Mrs. H. M. Darlington, Sec'y.
Soldiers' Aid, Great Bend, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl., Miss M. J. Osborn, Sec'y.
Mrs. Clapp, socks and mittens.
Second Unitarian Society, delicacies.
Soldiers' Relief, Altoona, Blair county, 2 bxs., 1 keg, Miss C. S. Lewis.
Hebrew Aid Society, 2 boxes, Miss Rebecca Moss.
First Presbyterian church, 4 packages.
Church of Our Saviour, West Phila., 1 pkg.
Soldiers' Aid, Chatham, Tioga county, 1 box, 2 kegs, Reuben Morse, Sec'y.
Danville, Montour county, 3 boxes.
Soldiers' Aid, Mukwonago, Waukesha county, Wis., 1 box, 1 keg.
Media, 1 box.
All Saints' church, Torresdale, 1 package, Mrs. C. J. Fisher.
Curwen Stoddart & Bros., 12 blankets.
Lynn, Susquehanna county, 1 box.
Soldiers' Aid, Egypt church, Ruchsville, Lehigh county, 1 box.
Mrs. Grebe, 1 package.
Mrs. Joseph Lea, 1 package.
St. Luke's Auxiliary Society, 1 package, Isabella James, Sec'y.
Ladies' Aid, Milford, Pike county, 1 box, Mrs. S. Utter, Sec'y.
Ladies' Aid, Berwick, Columbia county, 1 box, Mrs. S. B. Young, Sec'y.
Ladies' Aid, Dallas, Luzerne county, 1 barrel, Miss A. E. Birkendall, Sec'y.

☞ A convict, an inmate of the prison of Lesparre, (Gironde,) has just attempted to commit suicide from grief at seeing the expiration of his long term of imprisonment approach. He had become so accustomed to his regular daily life that he dreaded being again turned adrift on the world. He had attempted to strangle himself and to beat out his brains with a stone, but neither of those means succeeded, and he was found by the jailor lying in a pool of blood, with his tongue protruding from his mouth, his eyes starting from their sockets, and a large wound in the top of his head. He was removed to the hospital, and is now considered out of danger.

From "Lake Dwellings of the Early Periods."

BY WILLIAM M. WYLIE, M. A.

The earliest account we have of any people betaking themselves permanently to dwellings on sites of artificial construction among waters is that given by Herodotus of a Thracian tribe who then dwelt in Prasias, a small mountain lake of Pæonia, near part of modern Roumelia. Their habitations, we learn, were constructed on platforms raised above the lake on piles, and connected with the shore by a narrow causeway of similar formation. These platforms must have been of considerable extent, for the Pæonians lived there in a state of polygamy, with their families and horses, their chief food being the fish which the lake produced in great abundance.

Mr. Wylie then refers to the discoveries of very ancient remains in the lakes of Switzerland, sometimes previously reported to the Society of Antiquaries, and first discovered in the dry winter of 1853-4, on the Lake of Zurich. Here were found remains of piles driven deeply into the bed of the lake, formed of the stems of oak, beech, birch, and fir trees. Among these piles lay relics, with one exception, of the Stone Period. They consisted of hammers, cornerushers, &c.; axes and celts of various kinds of stone, peculiar, in some instances, to the East, many fitted into hafts of staghorn. Implements of flint were numerous, although flint is rarely found in this country. Mixed with slabs (acerthstones) were implements in bone, the teeth of bears, boars' tusks, and skeletons of deer and wild boar; one amber bead; and an armlet of thin brass wire, the sole instance of any metal whatever. There also occurred fragments of coarse pottery and masses of charred wood. It was evident that not only this settlement, but the great majority of those subsequently found, perished by fire. Not a trace of a saw was perceptible in the wood work; the piles had all been pointed with stone axes, or by fire, and split by means of wedges. "In fact," says Mr. Wylie, "these remains belong to a very early period, though others since discovered claim a yet more remote antiquity. Probably they belonged to a race preceding the Kelts, whose very name is lost to us." A minute account of the Swiss lake-dwellings has been published by M. Troyon, of Lausanne. Mr. Wylie then turns to the analogous remains of our own land, the Irish *crannoges*, long well known, though not examined till 1839; since which period, in the drainage and inland navigation works of Ireland, "no less than forty-six *crannoges* have been discovered in the lakes of Leitrim, Roscommon, Cavan, Down, Monaghan, Limerick, Meath, King's County, and Tyrone;" to which may be added the *crannoge* described by our correspondent.

Returning to the Swiss discoveries, we find that the Society of Antiquaries of Zurich hoped from the first to verify their discoveries with the descriptions of Herodotus, which Mr. Rawlinson, in his edition of "The Father of History," has seized upon. Having quoted from him the peculiar mode of life of the inhabitants of Prasias, Mr. Rawlinson notes:—

Recent discoveries in the lakes of Central Europe, particularly those of Switzerland, have confirmed in the most remarkable way this whole description of Herodotus. It appears that at an ancient date, probably anterior to that of the immigration of the Celts, there lived on most of these lakes a race or races who formed for themselves habitations almost exactly like those which Herodotus here describes. At a short distance from the shore, rows of wooden piles were driven into the muddy bottom, generally disposed in lines parallel to the bank, but not at regular intervals, upon which there can be no doubt that platforms were placed and habitations raised. Within the area occupied by the piles, and over the space immediately adjoining, are found at the bottom, often occupying a depth of several feet, objects of human industry, consisting of rude pottery and various implements in stone, bone, and bronze. Everything marks the high antiquity of these remains. The pottery is coarse in character, and shaped by the hand; it has scarcely a trace of ornament. The implements in stone and bone indicate a nation in the most primitive condition. The complete, or almost complete, absence of iron is most significant. Also, it must be observed that there is in most places a deposit of mud, the growth of centuries, covering the remains, in the whole of which there are no implements. Bones of animals, which had apparently been killed for food, appear throughout the whole stratum of mud in which the implements were found.

Antiquaries seem fully agreed that these are among the most primitive remains in Europe, belonging either to the early Celtic, or, perhaps, more probably to a pre-Celtic, period. It is a reasonable conjecture that they come down to us from that Finnish (Turanian) race, which seems to have peopled the whole of Europe in primeval times. We may suspect that this people occupied the lakes for security at the time when the Celts began to press upon them; but that they failed to maintain themselves and gradually yielded and were absorbed in the immigrants. In some places it is evident from the deposits that the platforms were finally destroyed by fire, abundance of charred wood being found above all the rest of the remains. A similar mode of life to that here described by Herodotus, and apparently practised by the early inhabitants of Switzerland, is found among the Papous of New Guinea.

☞ A NEW FACT ABOUT FISHES.—Prof. Agassiz has discovered that in the development of fishes there is a stage of metamorphosis analagous to the tadpole condition of frogs. The difficulty of obtaining fishes fresh from the eggs has prevented previous knowledge of this wonderful fact.

Publisher's Circular in Verse.

"Aurora Floyd" in fashion stalks,
"Rockets" hot the minutes,
Whilst "Pepper's Ghost" with Pitti walks
Round "Charles Keene's Studio Rooms."

"The Water Babies," "Lost and Saved,"
Were found in "False Positions,"
By "Digby Grand," who straight away raved
For several editions.

"Guy Livingstone" is "Nobly False,"
"Tis said, to "Cousin Stella,"
Since with "John Brown" he saw her waltz
Or "any other fellah."

The road to "Barren Honor" leads
"A Simple Woman" straying;
Whoever "Lady Audley" reads,
May verify the saying.

"Kate Coventry" is "Tried and True,"
Poor "Catherine's Marriage" heeding,
She saw "The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue,"
With A. K. H. B. is walking.

"Quieseo Wrong and Mosea Right,"
So says the Crown-court preacher;
But hostile critics say that wight
Knows precious little of it.

"Fish Hatching," "Taken upon Trust,"
"A Tangled Skein," discovers,
And "Aunts Ellicit" says he must
Tell tales of "Spirit's Lovers."

"Rose di Roma," to Sillo say,
"At Odds," is with "Thalaba,"
To "Live it Down" is perhaps the way
They'll take to mend the matter.

But, hark! I hear Forbes Winslow call!
The Hanwell cock is crowing,
And on my maniac vision falls—
I come, that is, I'm going.

—*English Paper.*

MRS. TROLLOPE.—The death of Mrs. Trollope, at her charming villa near Florence, in competence and honor, and at a ripe old age, occurred on the 6th inst. The clever and amusing novels which this lady poured forth in abundance, only equalled by her prolific son Anthony, have served their turn, have delighted the Upper Ten Thousand, and come at last to the complexion of cheap editions for the enlightenment of the Lower Ten Millions; but it should not be forgotten, even in an epoch which condenses a whole life's labor into a ten-line paragraph, that this was a woman, who throughout her long and useful life, ever advocated all that was good and honest, and true; and stigmatized, with a racy, passionate, searching humor entirely her own, all that was mean, and false, and cruel.—*English Paper.*

THE EYES.—Those who wish to put far off the evil day of *spectacles*, should accustom themselves to long views. The eye is always relieved, and sees better, if, after reading a while, we direct the sight to some far-distant object, even for a minute. Great travellers and hunters are seldom near-sighted. Humboldt at eighty-seven could read unaided. Sailors discern objects at a great distance with considerable distinctness, when a common eye sees nothing at all. One is reported to have such an acute sight, that he could tell when he was going to see an object. On one occasion, when the ship was in a sinking condition, and all were exceedingly anxious for a sight of land, he reported from the look-out that he could not exactly see the shore, but he could pretty near do it.—*Med. Journal.*

☞ A veteran church sister was asked by the presiding elder—"How many commandments are there?" "Nine," was the reply. "Sister Peabody," says the elder, reprovingly, "have you sat under the preaching of the gospel eight-and-thirty years, and don't know how many commandments there are?" "I know, elder," was the answer, "there used to be ten, but I broke one of them last week, and there ain't but nine left."

☞ THE SMALLEST NATION ON EARTH.—The Montauk nation of Indians, once one of the most powerful in America, has dwindled down to five persons. Their present King is Sylvester Pharo. His subjects are Elisha, Bill, Dave, and Stephen. King Pharo does not keep a standing army, declaring that the revenues of his Empire will not admit of it.

☞ Small boys playing with matches set fire to the barn of Joseph Lawrence of Athens on Monday week, and it was totally destroyed, together with twenty tons of hay and all his grain.

☞ A pugnacious editor of the allopathic school, up in Vermont, explains the homeopathic theory of the "similia similibus" by saying, "if a patient has a broken head, hit him again with a brick-bat."

☞ An epitaph which graces the churchyard of Moreton in-the-Marsh runs thus:

"Here lies the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on;
Trying, one day, his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off.
His toe—or rather what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

☞ A little girl of three years, from beyond the Mississippi, who had never seen an apple-tree in full bloom, beheld one in Ohio. She lifted her fat hands in the attitude of devotion, and exclaimed—"See God's big bouquet!"

☞ England's dogs bring over a million sterling into the treasury in taxes.

LATEST NEWS.

From the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The information received from the Army of the Potomac last night is that the armies are occupying nearly the already fortified positions.

The work on the railroad is being pushed forward west of the Warrenton Junction.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—The work on the railroad bridge at Rappahannock station has progressed rapidly, and will be completed before night.

The Army of the Potomac was reviewed by General Meade yesterday afternoon, commencing at 2 o'clock, and continuing for over two hours.

The firing was resumed between the pickets at 12 o'clock, and was heard at Warrenton, a distance of ten miles, and in the main part of that town.

No rebel force is known as yet to be this side of the Rappahannock river, and the main body of the rebel army, who had been concentrating at Culpeper, was last reported as moving in the direction of Gordonsville.

Everything is all quiet where the troops are, as late as 10 o'clock, last night.

The Rebel Conspiracy in Canada.

TORONTO, C. W., Nov. 14.—The Advertiser, a secession newspaper, to-day announces the arrest of the principal agent of "The Confederate Government Bond Bureau" on the steamer R. E. Lee, from Wilmington, N. C., bound to Halifax with a cargo, for the purpose of furnishing the funds for carrying out their plans. The steamer was seized, and the rebel men were to come over and, in small parties, to meet at a general rendezvous. It was their intention to surprise the Federal authorities at Johnson's Island, liberate the prisoners and convey them into Canada. They did not intend to violate British neutrality, but only to rescue the two thousand prisoners from such wretched quarters, which are designed to kill them by slow degrees."

BUFFALO, Nov. 14.—Gen. Dix arrived last night, and is engaged with the authorities concerting measures for defence, and to ferret out the parties engaged in the reported plot at Johnson's Island.

Miscellaneous.

A budget of interesting rebel letters, captured with the blockade running vessels Lee and Cornubia, have been opened. One from Mr. De Leon, a Confederate agent in Europe, is written to Jefferson Davis, and complains that the Confederacy is barren of diplomatic talent, and that the influence in France and England have been failures. The French he regards as a more mercenary race than the English, and the Confederacy must purchase their golden opinions. Other correspondence, among which is a letter from Mason, is equally discouraging to the southern cause.

General Peck has made a reconnoissance of the Chowan river, North Carolina, to the mouth of the Blackwater. This point is 200 miles from Newbern. The rebels are fearful of a movement on Weldon.

East Tennessee is still firmly held by Gen. Burnside. The losses at Rogersville do not exceed 300 men and 4 guns, though the official rebel despatch places it as much greater. Bragg and Longstreet are equally blamed by the Georgia papers for the Union success at Lookout Mountain and Bridgeport.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Times has a Washington despatch stating that Gen. Foster has been assigned to the command of Gen. Burnside's army, and leaves to-day. Burnside's resignation has been accepted by the President.

We hear more distressing facts of the starvation of our prisoners in Richmond, and the terrible sufferings of those who have returned and died in the Annapolis hospitals. The rebel prisoner, Fitz-Hugh Lee, has been sent to Fort Lafayette.

The Columbia arrived last night at New York with New Orleans news of the 7th. Nothing has yet been received from General Banks' expedition. Its destination is supposed to be Brownsville. The news from the city of Mexico is to the 23d ult., and is of little interest. The French were recently attacked at Tampica, and their forces defeated with the loss of ninety men. The town was entirely surrounded by Mexican troops.

☞ One evening when Napoleon was better pleased with M'lle Georges (the heroine of the Porte St. Martin theatre) than usual, pulling her by the ears—which was his favorite endearment—he told her, in the way that emperors make love, "to ask for anything she wanted." The actress—rather mistaking her part—asked very sentimentally, for his majesty's portrait. "Oh, is that all you want?" said Napoleon, who rather disapproved of the familiarity; "if that is all you want (and he took a five franc piece out of his pocket) here is my portrait, and a very good likeness it is."

☞ A youth of sixty years has been arrested in Rhode Island for whipping his mother. He said the old lady's morals were bad!

☞ Gordon, just returned from a certain district in the country, says that ploughs have no sale there. The hogs are so long-snouted that the farmers plant a corn cob on on one side of a field and piggy at the other, and by the time the latter reaches the cob there is a splendid furrow. If a stump happens in the way it is split.

☞ Niagara county, N. Y., produces a perfect cataract of apples this year.

☞ Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer. "No, sir." "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John M'Flinn ——at New York——(signed)——Patrick M'Flinn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

☞ N. P. Willis is preparing a history of his literary life, which the public will look for with interest.

☞ The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

FORESHADOWING.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I know, my friend,
We never have been lovers; but when we
Of these sweet summer-hours shall find the end,
And there shall be
A courteous close to all our pleasant speech,—
When you go out into the hurrying crowd,
To battle like a warrior iron-browed,
For all the worldly blessings which you claim,
Wealth, power, and fame—
Things which I do not crave and cannot reach—
I wonder if your heart will be the same,
Will beat as evenly and tranquilly,
Away from me?
If, when you find your separate life once more,
'Twill be as whole and happy as before?

It may be so—
Ambition has broad leaves, which over-grow
The feebler heart-plants, blossoming small and low;
And yet, I think
When time, or change, or both, have snapped the link
Which holds us now so lightly heart to heart,
When you have found out new and pleasant ways
From these apart—
Here loved fair women, and have known great pain—
Perhaps grown great yourself, and tasted praise—
—Despite the rosy ties which bind you then,
You will look back to these tame, quiet days,
With dim, strange pain—
And haply in your dreaming, think of me,
Half mournfully,
Saying—while all surrounding witcheries
Seem dull and vain,
And Beauty's smile, and Flattery's ministries
Lose, for the time, their hold on heart and brain—
"Ah, me! how little she was like to these!
Would I could look upon her face again!"

'Tis all I crave,
This one regretful thought. I ask no more,—
And you will yield it ere you shall be old—
Though not before
The opulent dandelion's rounds of gold
Shall brightly pave
The sunny footway leading to my grave.
—*Portland Transcript.*

THE LOVER'S RIDE;

OR, ACROSS THE SANDS

That was a happy week which I spent at Avranches eleven years since, in the midst of the preparations and pleasing bustle which even the humblest wedding seldom fails to call forth. It was to attend Emma's wedding that I had, with some difficulty, obtained a brief leave of absence. Emma was my sister, and she and I were alone in the world, with no nearer relation than the kind old aunt with whom Emma had lived since our mother died. This aunt's name was Pearson, and she was one of the English residents at Avranches, whom economical living had allured to the coast of Normandy. At Avranches, then, Emma had lived for two years, and in that bleak air the early delicacy of her health grew more and more perceptible, until Aunt Pearson became alarmed, and consulted a physician. The physician looked grave, and talked of the seeds of consumption, of prudence, and of a warmer climate. It was one of those prescriptions easier to give than to follow.

For Aunt Pearson was poor, Emma had nothing, or next to nothing, and I, her brother, a second lieutenant of marines, possessed little more than my pay. We were the children of a clergyman, who had been too good a parish priest to die rich, and the kind aunt herself had but a modest annuity whereon to maintain her niece and herself, while a migration to the south would have overtasked her slender purse. Under these circumstances, I was rejoiced to hear that Emma's long engagement to Henry Hilton was at last to be brought to a happy close. Harry, who had been a school-friend of mine, and visited at the Vicarage when we were all children together, was a good fellow and a clever one, though a little fiery of temper and stubborn of will. He loved Emma very fondly and faithfully, and they had been long troth-plighted, conditionally on the young man's getting his father's consent. And, by degrees, old Mr. Hilton, a rich merchant at Bordeaux, senior partner in the great house of Hilton and Valliant, had been won over to receive as his daughter-in-law a girl who had no portion but a sweet nature and a fair face. The young folks were to be married at once, and to set up house at Bordeaux, with Mr. Hilton, who was a widower, with no other child than Henry, already a junior partner in the firm.

Dr. Briggs, the English physician who played the part of Galen to the little British colony, and who accommodated himself with a pretty good grace to the five-franc fees that in that needy community were the substitutes for guineas, congratulated me on my sister's prospects.

"Miss Lethbridge," said the worthy old man, "has a good constitution, apart from the hereditary predisposition to phthisis, and she has youth on her side. In the mild air of the southern coast, she may recover her strength, and live long and happily. But another winter in this cold and rainy climate would—Well, never mind that now. I have said enough, at any rate, to assure you that my congratulations on your sister's marriage are not a mere compliment."

My leave of absence, as I have said, was short, since H.M.S. ——, on board of which I was junior marine officer, was to sail very soon for the West Indies, and I had only obtained permission to attend my sister's wedding, as an especial favor, and even my brother-in-law was anxious to get back to Bordeaux and his desk, as early as possible. His father and his senior partner were more than commonly deep in business details; the young man had a good head for accounts and considerable abilities, and he was desirous of proving to his father that he was not ungrateful for the latter's compliance with his wishes as related to the marriage itself. Therefore it had been arranged that after a brief tour among the Pyrenees, the newly-married pair were to proceed to Bordeaux, and that Harry was to make up for lost time by redoubled assiduity in serving the interests of the firm of Hilton and Valliant.

The wedding was fixed for Wednesday, and my place was bespoken in the *malle poste* for the evening of that very day, an arrangement which gave me time to sleep a night in Paris, and to see a few of the wonders of the French capital before I scampered back to Portsmouth. And on the Saturday preceding it, we planned an excursion to Kervaen, a small town on the Breton side of the river Couesnon, and formerly a frontier post belonging to the old Celtic duchy.

Our party was rather a large one. Mrs. Pearson had many friends in Avranches, and as soon as it was mentioned that we designed an excursion to the Breton borders, several of the English residents had expressed a wish to accompany us. There were, therefore, four or five carriages, besides two or three boys, who were home for their holidays, and were wild with excitement as they galloped on their shaggy and sure-footed ponies. Hilton rode a fine English horse, a new purchase which he had made in Paris, and which he intended to take down with them to the south. And I drove Emma in a queer little jangling pony-chaise of native construction, while Aunt Pearson shared a *voiture de louage* with three friends.

The day was a beautiful one. We spent some hours pleasantly enough at Kervaen, and dined among the ruins of the fort. The beauty of the day had faded, though very gradually. Clouds like huge skeins of unravelled wool, that covered the violet sky, where not unwelcome as screening off the sun. We had started early, for, though the evening was fine, the road was a long one, winding among the curves and undulations of the bay.

"Are those Norman fellows never coming back with the carriages?" said Hilton, looking at his watch, impatiently. "I have letters to write that *must* go to England by to-night's post."

But nobody else was in any particular hurry to start, and we continued to lounge about the ruins. Even Emma did not seem, for once, to sympathise with Hilton's wish to be moving, and she scolded him playfully for his impatience.

But Hilton was seriously bent on getting back to the town. He had received, that morning, two letters, bearing the London postmark, and it was absolutely necessary that the young merchant should write by return to his correspondents.

A bare legged boy was induced, by the promise of a ten-sous piece, to run to the other end of the village and summon the lagging charioteers, who had put up their horses at an auberge of tolerable size, rejoicing under the title of the *Soleil Levant*. But this messenger did not return, and when Hilton and I went together to the road-side inn, we heard the sounds of the rustic music, which are the invariable accompaniments of a Breton festival, and found that a christening-feast was in progress. This sufficiently accounted for the truancy of our coachmen, who were in the thick of the merry-making, having recognized old friends among the company.

But there was something contagious in Harry's uneasiness at the delay which this inopportune banquet had helped to occasion, and I saw, with some annoyance, that our Jehus had not failed to do justice to the contents of the huge pitchers of cider that were passed incessantly from hand to hand, and that their faces were red and their eyes dull from the effects of their potations. With a good deal of trouble we succeeded in half coaxing, half compelling the drivers to leave their hospitable friends, and impressing as many of the hangers-on of the auberge into our service as possible, we contrived to get the horses harnessed and the men upon their coach boxes. Fortunately Norman heads are too strong to be utterly overflooded by even immoderate draughts of apple-juice, and no sooner were the laggards on their driving-seats, and in possession of whip and reins, than their instinctive knowledge of horses resumed its sway, and they prepared to conduct the vehicles homewards, with all proper gravity and steadiness.

Much time had, however, been wasted, and the sun was going down while we had many a kilometre of road to travel. The members of the party took their places in their different carriages, the schoolboys remounted their ponies, and it was pretty plain that the drivers were quite sober enough to pioneer their living freight to Avranches in safety. All was ready for a start when Harry, who had been chafing terribly at the delay, and who was apprehensive that we should reach the town long after the departure of the mail, proposed to strike across the sands, which were hard and firm, and thus to curtail the distance by nearly one-half. Indeed, to an impatient traveller, there was something provoking in the idea of crawling round the shores of the bay, when it was possible to make a short cut from point to point, a course doubly tempting when time was of such value.

Indeed, when I looked at the wide stretch of smooth sand, gleaming wet in places that lay far out to seaward, but in general as dry and fast as a billiard-table, I felt disposed to comply with Harry's desire. We had but to find the shallow stream of Couesnon, a little river only note-worthy as the old barrier between France and Bretagne, and our way lay clear before us. So at least I, in my innocence, opined; but I was startled at the vehemence with which the old residents combated the project. The sands, they said, were notoriously treacherous and insecure; they were full of shifting quicksands of fabulous depth and tenacity; the tide, at certain states of wind and sea, ran in over those flats with a speed that even well-mounted horsemen could not evade; fifty persons, on an average, perished yearly on that fatal coast, through some imprudent confidence in their own judgment or activity, &c. In short, even with a guide, the Greve de St. Michel was best avoided, and without a guide it was madness to venture upon it. I did not exactly believe all this chorus of evil; but I put sufficient faith in the popular opinion to consider that the tempting sands had better be left in possession of the seacrows that were solemnly walking to and fro beside the pools, digging ever and anon with their sharp bills into the soft surface, in quest of worms or shellfish. Not so, however, did my brother-in-law elect. His lip curled scornfully, and he could hardly listen with patient politeness to the Cassandra-like predictions of the old ladies who were the chief speakers. He had, in fact, been too long on the Continent not to be aware how prone to the marvellous, and to exaggeration of the peculiarities of the country, English residents are apt to be. He was of a bold spirit, too, and not easily turned from anything by the mere notion of problematic peril. Thus he persisted; the others demurred; and the result was an animated discussion, in which Harry was in the minority. He was only backed by the schoolboys, who were wild with delight at the idea of such "jolly fun" as a race homewards across the sands, all the more attractive because their elders held them in such horror. Emma, indeed, would willingly have gone by that route, though she was sorely puzzled between Aunt Pearson's boding remarks and her lover's confidence that there was no risk, and that the dangers of the Greve, at low-water, must be purely fanciful.

I don't say that Hilton was a perfect character. He was, as I have hinted, rather hot of temper and excessively obstinate, though of a generous and kindly nature. His petulance increased with the well-meant but injudicious efforts of our friends to dissuade him from the wild idea of crossing the sands. He would, I do not doubt, have given up the plan, though not perhaps with a very good grace, had Emma asked him at first to stay for her sake. But she did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, she was disposed to side with him, and when the rest vowed that for untold gold they would not tempt Providence by such an act of folly, she was still inclined to hearken to her lover's voice, had I not interposed.

"No, no, Emma," said I, turning it off with a laugh. "After Monday next, when you have promised to love and obey our headstrong friend on the chestnut charger, of course you may risk your life as much as you please. Till then I am your lawful guardian, and shall not stir one yard from the Prince President's highway; so you must submit to go home in safety."

Hilton declared in dudgeon that he would go alone, write his letters, and have time to smoke a cigar and play a game at billiards at the Cuercle, before we returned. He would not listen to a word of advice, though two or three old Breton fishermen, and some shrill-voiced fisherwomen added their warnings to those of our company.

"There are many dead Christians in the cimetiere of Kervaen," said one white-haired old sailor, speaking in a thin and piping voice, but solemnly and impressively enough; "but there are more who sleep in unblessed graves, without shroud or coffin, under the *lieue* of the Bay. The tide has turned, too, and the wind is westerly."

"Ah, ah! it is wrong to tempt Heaven's mercy thus," cried the women, crowding round Hilton's horse. "In the name of our Lady of Sorrows, monsieur, take the advice of the poor."

Hilton merely shrugged his shoulders, made some good-humored but contemptuous rejoinder, and tightened his horse's girths. The good horse neighed and pawed the beach impatiently.

"Harry," said my sister, now alarmed for the first time, and with imploring eyes fixed on her lover's face, "Harry, to please me—"

It was too late. Had Emma spoken before, her influence would have carried the day, but now Hilton was piqued and nettled by so much opposition to his proposal, and his mind was made up. He was, as I have said, a brave man, but he had also that sensitive shrinking from the slightest imputation of fear which is only felt by the young, and which wears off with experience of the world's ways. To recall now, when every one was busy in conjuring up perils and obstacles in store for him, would have been a bitter pill for his proud and hasty nature to swallow. Yet he hesitated for an instant as he saw the tears in Emma's gentle eyes; but most unluckily one of the Norman coachmen broke in with tipsy gravity, and in the nasal drawl of his native province:

"C'est bien dangereuse, monsieur, savez-vous—"

The spell was snapped at once. Hilton, who had finished adjusting his girths, angrily told the man to hold his tongue, gathered up his reins, and spurred off, waving his hand in adieu to Emma, and dryly remarking that we gave ourselves a great deal of unnecessary anxiety about the safety of a person so insignificant as himself, but that the laugh would be against us, when we met at Avranches, by ten-time. So saying, he rode off at a brisk canter, splashed into the Couesnon, and, fording the shallow water with perfect ease, gained the opposite bank, and took his way across the sands. Twice he looked back to us, with a half-playful gesture of leave-taking, and then a rising headland concealed him from our view.

"Follow him, George; oh, pray let us follow him!" exclaimed Emma, struggling to keep back her tears, but to this I decidedly objected. To overtake Hilton, well-mounted as he was, was out of the question, even had there been any good object to be attained by sharing his danger, if he were indeed in danger. Of this I felt by no means assured. Popular tradition is generally vague and full of exaggeration, and I did not repose unlimited faith in the appalling statements I had just heard. Heartily I wished that Harry had been wise enough to avoid what might prove a very ugly scrape; but, for all that, I counted on finding him, flushed with victory, puffing his cigar at the door of the Hotel de Londres.

We started at a good round pace, glad to get away from the croaking of the Breton peasants, whose dismal predictions had anything but a reassuring effect upon my poor sister. Our little pony chaise was much lighter than the cumbrous four-wheeled carriages, and as Emma was eager to get back to Avranches and assure herself of the safety of our rash knight-errant, I drove fast, and we soon out-stripped the rest of the party. As for the youngsters on their ponies, they were somewhat sulky at the parental prohibition, sternly reiterated, to accompany Hilton across the Bay, and therefore kept aloof from the train of vehicles, scampering up by-lanes, leaping any fence where a gap afforded a tempting passage, or tearing along the road in a breakneck race that usually ended in a harmless tumble.

For some time after quitting Kervaen the road trended somewhat inland, and it was only now and then that, between the gnarled boughs of the orchards, or across the weedy ridges of the fallows, we could catch a glimpse of the sea. But presently we found ourselves skirting the coast line, winding among sand-hills and frequently crossing the narrow bridge that crossed some brooklet on its way to ocean. To the left was the broad sea, to the right were the bare sands, and far away loomed the rock-cradled fort of Mont St. Michael, and the twin islet of Tombelaine, and even Avranches, clinging to and crowning the crest of its steeply scarped hill—but of Hilton we saw nothing. This was the less surprising as, owing to the twists in the road and the many sandy bluffs that stood out between us and the sky-line, our view of the strand was limited to that portion immediately before us.

Emma was excessively agitated, though she did her best to hide her fears, and was perpetually standing up in the carriage to gaze forth over the yellow stretch of sand, dappled already by the flickering shadows of evening. The sun was sinking and the wind rising. The white clouds overhead had grown thicker and darker, growing like the web of the Parcæ, till they covered the whole sky. I felt uncomfortable, and the more so because, for Emma's sake, I felt it necessary to keep a cheerful countenance, but I began to recognize the signs of an approaching gale. The wind, as the old fisherman had remarked, was westerly, and it came every minute in stronger and sagrier gusts, sweeping the dead leaves from the trees, and making a melancholy sighing among the sedges and tamarisks of the lonely shore. I looked out to sea, and even at that distance I fancied I could see the dark blue line of the advancing tide gaining, still gaining, on the shore, and rushing on, swift and smooth, over the level strand where neither rock nor shingle barred its way.

"Where can Harry be? I don't see him. Oh, George, your eyes are better than mine!" said Emma, trembling, as she stood up for the tenth time to strain her gaze across the yellow flats.

"I see nothing," answered I. "Stop, there is something in the distance, a dark object, but it cannot be a man and horse, it is so small, and so near the water, where no sane person would venture, with the tide coming in at such a rate. Some sea-bird driven in by the storm."

"Then there is going to be a storm!" echoed Emma, with such white lips, and such evident distress, that I could have bitten off my tongue for my lack of caution.

She was very pale; the hectic bloom on her cheeks came and went, and her eyes were strangely brilliant. In her delicate state of health all agitation was hurtful, and I groaned inwardly at Hilton's mad freak, though I did my best to put a good face on the matter. I laughed at the idea of my apprehension from the storm, whether of peril to Harry or ourselves, and spoke confidentially of the adventurous horseman's safety. I expressed myself sure that he had already reached Avranches, and would have the laugh on his side when we came in, with wet clothes, after a drive through the rain. In fact, I played my part admirably, in my own opinion, but I could not deceive a woman's quick instinct, and my sister laid her hand on my arm with—

"Hush, George, pray. You frighten me, dear, for I see that you are afraid for *him*. Oh, it is all my fault; I should have begged him, urged him to stay with us, and if he, if he should—"

Just then the eldest of the English schoolboys, who had raced past us some little time before with his noisy crew of young comrades, came tearing back with his pony in a lather of foam and heat.

"Oh, Captain Lethbridge," said the boy, "we have seen a gentleman on horseback trying to escape from the sea, and I'm sure it's Mr. Hilton, and the poor horse seems so tired, and the tide's coming in dreadfully fast, like a millrace."

I tried to stop the boy. It was of no use. The words were spoken, and Emma gave a scream so piercing and heart-broken in its agonized accents, that it haunts me to this hour, and will haunt me to my dying day. Lashing the vigorous little nag into a gallop, in an instant I gained the point whence our young informant had come, and there I sprang out, and assisted Emma to scramble up a steep ridge of sand that overlooked the whole of the desolate flat, now terribly encroached on by the advancing tide. A few drops of rain fell, and the wind whistled shrilly by, and the sea-gulls and gannets flew hoarsely screaming around, and fluttered off inland on their white wings. The muttering growl of distant thunder resounded, but we cared nothing for rain or thunder. Our eyes were riveted on a horseman who was making his way, slowly and painfully, through deep and moist sand in which his weary steed sank fetlock deep at every bound.

Hilton! There was no mistaking him; but how came he there, and how had he lingered so long among those dangerous wastes? No doubt he had missed the safe way, hardly to be found, even by natives of the country, and had wandered long among the treacherous quagmires and pools of sullen waters, for I could see that his noble horse flagged wearily, and that there were stains of mud and sand upon his heaving flanks, as if he had floundered through more than one of the *lieue*, as they are locally called. The sea was behind him, swift and pitiless, like a low wall of dark-blue water, crested with foam, and seeming to devour the shore as it swept onwards. Worse still, the coming tide was "quickening" the sands as it advanced, for we saw pools appear where dry banks had lately been, and the surface heaved and glistened, and the horse had to make desperate efforts to advance shorewards.

I shouted loudly, to encourage the poor fellow, but the wind drowned my voice; and now the thunder rolled, and the lightning flashed redly over the sea, and it seemed suddenly to grow dark, while torrents of rain came dashing down; but we did not heed them. If my own life had been trembling in the balance, I could scarcely have felt more cruel anxiety; and as for Emma I hardly dared to steal one glance at her pale and anguish-wrung features, as she stood on the highest point of the rock, clinging to me for support, and waving her handkerchief, poor thing, while her eyes pierced the twilight, riveted on the figure of that lonely horseman on whom the sea was gaining with fearful rapidity.

"Why does he not head straight for the shore? Ah, now he takes the right course! but the horse can scarcely answer to the spur," I muttered bet ween my set teeth. "Oh, push on, for Heaven's sake, press on!" I shouted with the full strength of my lungs, using my outspread hands as a trumpet, and Hilton heard the call, started, and knew us, for he gave an answering hail which only reached us as an inarticulate cry. But the voice of human sympathy, or the sight of her he loved, seemed to revive him, for he lifted his steed with the rein, and pressed on more steadily, while immediately afterwards the horse seemed to find firmer footing, for he no longer sank beneath the surface, and as he broke into a quicker pace he shook his head with a long neigh of triumph. The carriages had by this time arrived, and had come to a halt, but the horses were alarmed by the lightning, which was now almost incessant, and they were with difficulty kept under control, while two or three of the party came scrambling on foot up the bank, uttering exclamations of dismay and compassion.

"He is nearer, nearer now. The horse goes fast. He will be saved, he is safe! Harry! Harry!" cried Emma, taking hope as the firmer ground was reached; then, as the storm gathered, she turned wildly to me: "George, brother, say that he is safe! I will not faint, I do not faint now, but, to encourage Emma's despair, you hope, should her hopes be disappointed, but I meant it for the best, and the boys, who were excitedly watching the struggle, set up a cheer.

"Well done! he can gallop now. He is on firm ground. Mr. Hilton is safe, poor he is out of reach of the sea! Hurrah!"

But the joyous shout died away on their young lips as, with an awful plunge, the good horse sank to the saddle-girths, struggling, plunging, rearing wildly, but in vain, for every effort served but to bury him deeper and deeper in the tenacious quicksand, and his neigh of distress changed to that horrid scream, seldom heard but on the battle-field, which nothing but extremity of pain or fear can elicit.

We shouted to Hilton to throw himself from the saddle—to fling himself flat upon the treacherous surface—as the only chance of life; but I do not think we were heard, so hoarsely did the thunder roar overhead, while the darkness deepened so much that it was only when a flash of lightning showed every detail of the scene that we could distinguish the sufferer.

Emma's despair was fearful to witness, and in her passionate grief she upbraided us for allowing the victim to perish, unaided, before our eyes; but human aid was useless there, and we could but remain spectators of what we were powerless to prevent. At every fresh flash we could see, by the vivid though momentary light, the horse sinking deeper and deeper. The moist sand was up to his withers now, a few short moments and it reached his neck; now the horse was wholly lost to sight, and the rider was waist-deep in the quagmire, sinking, still sinking, as if dragged down by some viewless monster below into a living grave. And the sea came on, triumphant, relentless, its blue wall curling and frothing as it ran, arrow-swift, over the strand, and already a foamy line of shallow water had reached to within a few yards of the spot where Harry remained, helpless.

Another flash. The line of foamy water crept snake-like on, reached Harry, passed him, and rolled on far to landward, and like after line, streak after streak, came in the deepening water, and then rolled on the low blue wall, and still the quicksand gaped, insatiate, for its prey. It was up to his armpits now, the water, and presently another flash showed the poor wretch, his head alone above the salt flood, with a face deadly pale, and eyes that glared, white and ghastly, in the lurid glow of the lightning, while the lips seemed to move, but whether in prayer to Heaven or a hopeless cry for aid, can never be known. No sound reached us. The rain was blindingly thick, and the wind raved as it swept the hurrying clouds before it. There was a longer pause than usual between the flashes. To our impatience it seemed as if the dreadful darkness endured for ages. At last it came, broad and bright, the fierce flare of white light, but nothing was visible; nothing but gray sea and white foam, where the little waves began to toss and curl, and the curving wall of blue ran far shoreward. We strained our eyes, but could see nothing more. Unwilling to trust our senses, anxiously we waited for the next flash, and it came; but we saw nothing but a waste of sea and sky. Harry Hilton was lost forever to men's sight until the Judgment Day.

In the agony of that suspense, I had almost forgotten my poor sister. Her voice had died away in sobs, and she had sunk at my feet, and lay there, crouching. But when I saw that the grave had closed over its victim, I bent to raise Emma, and thought at first that she was in a swoon, but a cry of dismay from one of the party aroused me to a new fear. We lifted Emma tenderly, and by the light of the carriage-lamps saw the signs of the mischief I had dreaded, only too plainly. Poor girl, the white handkerchief she had waved so long was pressed to her lips now, and stained with crimson drops that ran heavily down, and left a dark stain on the light muslin she wore, and on the small white wrist that lay passive between my hands.

Why linger on the sad story? Suffice it to endure the anguish of that hideous scene. A blood-vessel had given away, and she never spoke more, and before we reached Avranches she was dead.

We buried poor Emma on the very day that was to have witnessed her union with him whom she had loved—loved too well to survive his fearful end.

AN EMBLEM OF CHARITY.

The Egyptian hieroglyphic of charity is very striking—a naked child, with a heart in his hand, giving honey to a bee without wings.

1. A child, humble and meek. (Matt. xviii. 3.)

2. With a heart in his hand, because the heart and the hand of a charitable man must go together—he must be a cheerful giver.

3. Giving honey to a bee—not a drone.

4. To a bee without wings—help such as would work, but cannot.

☞ It is a remarkable fact, that, although common sheep delight in verdant fields, religious flocks are not anxious for green pastors.

IN THE GARDEN.

Green grass beneath, green leaves above,
That rustle like a running stream,
And sunshine that with tender gleam
Touches the little heads I love—

The little heads—the dewy eyes,
That shine and smile through sun and shower,
That are my portion and my dower,
My sum of wealth beneath the skies.

The white doves flutter on the wall,
Amid the rose-tree's crimson pride;
The small house ope's its windows wide,
Fearless, whatever may befall.

Whate'er befalls—oh! instinct strong
Of this strange life, so sad and dear,
That still foresees some coming tear,
And of its joy still asks—how long?

I sit and rest from all my woe,
Peace in the air—light in the sky;
Here let me rest until I die,
Nor further pain nor pleasure know.

Half on the tender greensward round,
And half on me as here I rest,
My nestlings rustle in their nest,
With fitful arms about me wound;

The while I read—and smile to see
My boy's eye light with gleams of war—
How the plumed Helmet of Navarre
Set blooding France at Ivry free.

Or in my little maiden's face,
At hearing of Lord Burleigh's bride,
And how he loved, and how she died,
A glow of softer radiance trace;

While the small brother passes oft
In babble half as sweet to hear,
The meaning lies beyond his ear,
But sweet the music chimes and soft.

If there be any cloud that glides
Unseen above this quiet spot,
Dear Lord, I thank Thee I know not
What still in Thy good hand abides.

But while the peaceful moments last,
I snatch this hour, unstained by tears,
Out of my stormy tale of years,
To charm the future and the past.

For grief dwells long, a lingering guest,
And writes her records full and plain;
But gladness comes and goes again,
With noiseless steps that will not rest.

And here memorial glad I raise,
How on one joyous day of June,
Through all the sunny afternoon,
Sang birds and babes unconscious praise.

SOUTHWOOD PRIORY.

I suppose there are few persons, or, at least, few shy persons, who have not experienced, at some time or other, the extreme awkwardness of being alone in a room at another person's house when visitors who were perfect strangers have been shown in. All who have felt this, will, I am sure, sympathise with my feelings under these circumstances. I was staying last year in a country house, and was left one afternoon entirely alone in the drawing-room; my host and some other guests, including my sister, were out riding, and my hostess was engaged up-stairs with one of her children, who was ill. An afternoon to myself seemed rather a luxury after having been constantly with a large party, and, when the last sound of the horses' hoofs had died away, I felt so safe from interruption that I sat down to the piano—a thing I never do when any one is near to hear, for my sister plays and sings so well that no one would care to listen to my poor attempts, so that my musical performances are reserved entirely for my own private ear.

I was in the midst of trying over some of my favorite airs in "Don Giovanni," when I was startled by the sound of wheels, followed by a loud ring at the door-bell. I remembered, however, that Mrs. Cameron had given orders that no one should be admitted, as she could not leave her little boy; and, reassured, I proceeded with "Batti, batti," when, to my dismay, the door was thrown open, and "Mr. Hervey" was announced. I knew Mr. Hervey was expected that day, but had no idea that he was likely to arrive before dinner time; indeed, I was sure I heard Mr. Cameron say the carriage must meet the London train at six o'clock, and it was now only a little past three. What should bring him at this early hour? All this passed through my mind while we were exchanging bows, and I was apologising for Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's absence. He then said it was he who should apologise for having arrived so much earlier than could have been expected, but, having come across country, he found there was no other train that would bring him till late in the evening. I fervently wished he had not come till midnight, rather than that I should have to entertain him a whole afternoon. I looked at the clock in despair. Only a little past three! The dinner hour was professedly half-past seven, but was oftener eight, and there was little hope that the riding party would return before seven—four long hours before me! I knew the ways of the house too well to hope that Mrs. Cameron would leave her little boy; not that he was very ill, but restless and fretful enough not to be able to bear his mamma out of his sight, and she, I knew, would read "Robinson Crusoe" to him till she was hoarse rather than give up her place to nurse or governess. If it had only been my sister, instead of me! Rose could always talk to any extent, and gentlemen always liked her, and never liked me. Why should they? I am neither pretty, nor amusing, nor accomplished. But I did not mean to speak of myself. My readers do not know me, nor, if they did, would my opinion of myself be of any value to them. Ah, how I envied Rose! enjoying a canter over the turf, and talking and laughing with intimate friends, while I was set down to spend a whole afternoon with a stranger. He might possibly turn out as agreeable as any of our party, but then I was not the person to draw him out.

His apologies were followed by a few remarks on the weather, to which I responded, and then came a pause. What should I say next? I knew nothing of him but his name, and he did not know even so much of me. What could there be in common between us? I thought of the billiard-table; but then he couldn't play by himself, and I am such a poor player that it seemed to me it would be almost an insult to offer to play with him. There was croquet on the lawn, but that would not do for two. I looked at the table: there were books of engravings, collections of dried plants, a stereoscope; but all these, and especially the last, which I always see double, bore me too much for me to attempt to amuse another person with them. My photograph book! that, perhaps, might do better. Most people like to look at photographs even of persons whom they do not know, and my book had some views, as well as portraits. If he came upon either a scene or a face that he knew (and every one has some mutual acquaintance) it might promote conversation, and help me out of my difficulties. I offered it to him, and he thanked me and took it, but turned over the pages in a careless, indifferent manner, and I was disappointed to see how rapidly he was getting through it, when all at once, on turning over a leaf, he gave a great start, and sat looking at the photograph with an expression of the most intense interest. Then he said, "Do you know this place?"

It was a photograph of a ruined priory about thirty miles from the house where I was staying.

"Southwood Priory," I said. "No, I have never seen it; that photograph was given me by a gentleman who is staying here, who took it two or three years ago. It is one of the best amateur photographs I have ever seen; it must be a beautiful ruin."

"It was a beautiful ruin," he said. "It was pulled down a year ago."

"Pulled down!" I said. "Such a ruin as that! What sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege," he repeated. "No, hardly that." Then, after a pause, suddenly turning to me, he asked, "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"I don't know," I answered, rather startled at the question. "I have had no personal experience. I don't think I have ever even heard a well authenticated ghost story."

"Because," he said, "I could tell you a story connected with those ruins which every one must allow to be strange enough, at all events, but I should not like to tell it to any one who would think it their duty to disbelieve; it touches me too nearly."

"Let me hear," I said. "I am no professed disbeliever, and such stories always interest me very much."

He looked at me in silence for a few moments, and then began.

About two years ago a friend of mine, Captain Markham, called on me, and told me he was going to be married immediately, and asked whether I would officiate on the occasion as best man. I readily agreed, but expressed myself a good deal surprised, having had no idea that such an event was probable, though we were very intimate, and had been still more so before he went into the army. He then told me he had been engaged about six months, but, having nothing but his pay, and the lady not having a penny, her mother would not let it be considered an engagement; but she had lately, by the sudden death of a cousin, become heiress to some five or six thousand a year, so that the only bar to their union was entirely removed.

"Well," I said, "but you have not yet told me the lady's name."

"Scott," he said,—"Mildred Scott. She is an only child, and her mother is a widow. Her uncle made a great deal of money by railway speculations, and bought a fine old place in Hampshire, called Southwood Priory. He died about a year ago, and was kind enough to insert his niece's name in his will after his son's, though, of course, with very little expectation but that his son would marry, and have heirs of his own. But his son was killed in a railway accident about two months ago, and Mildred is sole heiress of Southwood Priory, and five thousand a year. She will be of age on the 30th of April, and we shall be married early in May."

I congratulated him most warmly on his prospects, and asked whether Miss Scott was handsome. He said he could hardly call her handsome—he must leave me to judge for myself of her personal attractions—but added, that if I was not much struck with her at first sight, I must take her on trust, and believe that it was a face that would grow upon me daily. I assented, thinking of those lines of Hartley Coleridge's,

> She is not fair to outward view,

and wondered whether it was only her having "called on" Markham that had made him think her so, or whether I should be able conscientiously to say that I did not think her extremely plain. He told me he would let me know when the day was fixed, and left me.

A few days afterwards, I had a letter from him to say that Mrs. Scott objected to their wedding being in May; she had herself been married in May, and, having lost her husband a few months afterwards, she might be excused for having some superstition about it. He said he would not give way to such nonsense so far as to put off the marriage till June, so it was fixed for the 30th of April, which would be Miss Scott's twenty-first birthday.

Accordingly, on the 29th, I went down to Southwood. I found a carriage waiting for me at the station, and, after about an hour's drive through beautifully-wooded country, we reached the Priory, an Elizabethian house of red brick, with stone-mullioned windows, approached from the road by a magnificent avenue of elms. On my arrival Markham met me in the hall, and took me into a pleasant morning-room, with an oriel window looking out on to a great sloping lawn. Mrs. Scott was sitting by the fire at work, and her daughter was down on the floor in the sunny window tying up bunches of primroses from a large basketful by her side. She got up when I entered, laughing and half blushing at being caught in such a lowly position, and came forward to shake hands with me in the most friendly manner, as if she wished to show me that any one who was a friend of Captain Markham's must be welcome in her house.

I was very much struck with her appearance, and most agreeably surprised, for, from what Markham had told me of her, I had expected to see a face but little removed from plainness. She was tall and slender, and had a beautiful figure; her features certainly were not good, except her eyes, which were large, dark, and liquid, shaded by long black lashes, but with an expression in them that it is impossible to describe, though it is so impressed upon my mind that I can see it now. Her hair was the richest dark-brown, growing low over her forehead, drawn rather off her face, and arranged in thick braids at the back of her head. You look surprised at my remembering all these details; I can see her now as she stood before me then, and I believe I could describe every part of her dress, only perhaps it would not be in terms that ladies could understand. I am sure that, at any time, I should have been struck with her, though I have no doubt that after-circumstances impressed her appearance more strongly on my mind.

After a little small-talk about the fineness of the weather and the beauty of the country through which I had driven from the station, Markham proposed a walk, and said he would take me over the grounds.

"But then," he said, you must come, Mildred, to show the ruins and tell the story. You tell it so much better than I do; I suppose because you believe it more."

"I am not sure that I altogether believe it," she said, "only I don't like people to laugh my ghost to scorn. I should never expect to see it myself, even if I were to go over the ruins at midnight, but I consider myself insulted if any one disbelieves my story. I warn you of that, Mr. Hervey."

I told her she might safely tell it to me, for there was nothing I liked better than a ghost story, and she said,

"Then I'll get my hat at once, for I wanted to go to the church to take these primroses, which are to help in the decorations for to-morrow, and we can take the ruins on our way."

It was a beautiful spring day—one of those days that make us fancy that summer must be coming unusually early, in spite of our yearly experience that such days are always followed by bitter east winds and hail showers.

"Not a time to see the ruins properly," Markham observed. And, beautiful as they looked in the warm sunshine, the ground carpeted with primrose and violets, and a few bluebells just coming into flower, and a narrow line of soft blue distant landscape seen through the ruined arches of the chapel, I could not but feel, that if we would have viewed fair Southwood aright, we should have visited it by the pale moonlight. The east end of the chapel and one of the transept windows were tolerably entire, and a few broken arches are still standing, but the convent itself was almost utter ruin, overgrown with brambles. Miss Scott seated herself on a piece of ruined wall, and, setting down the basket of primroses by her side, began her tale.

Southwood Priory was built just before the wars of the Roses, and continued very flourishing down to the reign of Henry VIII. No novices were received who were not of noble birth, and more than one prioress was of royal blood. It was richly endowed, and the lands increasing in value, it became one of the most opulent of the nunneries in the south of England, and was consequently one of the first which Henry VIII. (whom I shall always hate in spite of Froude) cast his greedy eyes upon. He bestowed a great part of the lands on a courtier named Sir Humphrey de Bohun, a man who professed himself a Protestant because he liked Church lands and court favor, but who was really of no religion at all, and a cruel, hard-hearted man. He had a son and three brothers, and, failing his own heirs, the property was to go to his brothers and their heirs in succession. The nuns were ejected and the convent burnt to the ground, but the prioress refused to quit. "It was not the King's land," she said, "it was the Church's; and the Church had committed it into her keeping, and she would maintain the trust to the last hour of her life." And she kept her word. The rest of the nuns returned to their homes, but she still lived among the ruins, with another old nun, who had never known any other home; and here they stayed, subsisting on the charity of the poor people around, and going through all their services daily in their roofless chapel. But a hard winter came on, and the poor old nun died of cold in her ruined cell, and the prioress, left alone, was almost starved to death, for the poor people, themselves starving, could give her little help. At last, in her extremity, she went to ask for alms at Sir Humphrey's door. He was just riding out on a hunting expedition, and bade her, with many oaths, begone, or he would set his dogs at her.

The prioress was a descendant of the Plantagenets, and worn out and starving as she was, she had still something of the spirit of her royal race left in her. She stood up before the knight, with eyes flashing from under her tattered hood, and said,—

"Lay not a finger on me, bad man, or thou shalt bitterly rue this day. Know that thy day of power will be short, and my hour of revenge is near."

That evening, when the knight and his companions were sitting round the fire in the hall, "door shut and window barred," suddenly the figure of the prioress appeared in the midst of them, without any one having seen her enter. She looked exactly the same as in the morning: her face pale and haggard, her eyes hollow and glittering, her dress soiled and ragged, but her tall form unbent; and standing before the knight, she said to him—

"Humphrey de Bohun, thou hast laid thy sacrilegious hands upon the property of Holy Church; thou hast killed, and thou hast also taken possession; thou callest these fair lands thine own, and thy son and thy brothers shall inherit them after thee; but none shall ever possess them in peace until restoration be made of that which is Holy Church's due. I hold these lands in her name, and I will claim that which is mine own."

With these words she vanished, and again no one saw the door open. Sir Humphrey rushed after her, furiously calling to his servants to know who had given admission to that old hag; but all, in the greatest astonishment, denied having seen any one enter or leave the hall, and though they searched every corner of the house no traces of her could be found. The next morning the poor old prioress was found dead in her ruined cell, and from that time the country people, but more especially Sir Humphrey's household, would go miles round sooner than go within sight of the ruins after nightfall; but nothing more was heard or seen of the ghost till the day twelvemonth from her first apparition, when she appeared again at the same time and place, and addressed Sir Humphrey in the same words. The following year she did not appear in the hall, as before, but in the morning the knight was found dead in his bed, and his body bore marks of strangulation. Several people in the house were tried for the murder, and a strict inquiry was instituted, but nothing was discovered which could implicate any one; moreover, no robbery had been committed, nor were there any traces of the room having been entered, the doors and windows having been barred inside, so that they had the greatest difficulty in breaking into the room in the morning. Of course in those days judge and jury were willing enough to concur in the common opinion that the ghost had strangled him, and so it was universally believed.

Sir Humphrey's son succeeded to the property, but was not allowed to enjoy it in peace, the ghost invariably appearing to him every year, till at last he met with the same mysterious fate as his father. He left no children, and was succeeded by his cousin, the son of Sir Humphrey's second brother, who pulled down the old haunted house and built the one that now stands. From this time the ghost was only seen once in every hundred years, but each time that she appeared the branch of the family then occupying the estate died out, till in the last century she appeared for the last time to the youngest brother's descendant, an only daughter, who died in consequence, but whether from fright or from strangulation, does not seem to be exactly known. Since then the Priory has been in different hands, and has been sold two or three times over. When my uncle bought the place it had been for some years in Chancery; but the ghost seems to have disappeared with the Bohuns, for no one has ever seen her since.

"But," said Markham, "I tell Mildred she's not safe yet, for if the ghost only appeared once in a century, the hundred years may not be run out since she was last seen. The last Miss Bohun is supposed to be buried in the family vault, but there is neither name nor date on the tablet, so that the exact year when the ghost was last seen is not known."

"Oh, I am safe enough," answered Miss Scott, gayly. "You know that a family ghost is quite an aristocratic appendage, and a descendant of the Plantagenets, who had visited the proud Bohuns for so many years, would never be likely to condescend to a common vulgar person like me, whose great-grandfather may have been a tinker, for anything I know to the contrary. Perhaps," she added, smiling with an arch expression at Markham, "when the Priory is yours, the old lady may think a man who had an ancestor killed at Naseby worthy of her notice; but I am quite safe. However, there is no more time now to discuss her probable future intentions. I must go to the church, for my friends will be waiting for those primroses."

I think no one could have failed to admire Miss Scott as she appeared that evening, dressed in white muslin, with a red camellia in her hair, and a flush of excitement in her cheeks, that seemed to soften her features, and make her look positively beautiful.—She was extremely animated all dinner-time, and I was quite fascinated by her lively conversation; but, as the evening wore on, her mood seemed to change, and she became subdued and almost mournful. She was asked to sing, and she sat down to the piano and sang "Schubert's Adieu," an old favorite of mine. I am not fond of French poetry generally, but whether those words of Beranger's are in themselves beautiful, or whether it is only from their being associated in my mind with the music, I can hardly tell. I never heard any one sing it as she did, and I could hardly bear to hear any one else sing it now. Her voice was a very rich full soprano, and had a pathos in it that almost brought the tears to my eyes, while several of the ladies, and Mrs. Scott especially, cried outright.

"You really mustn't sing such melancholy songs, Mildred, on such a day as this," said Markham; "you'll make us all quite low spirited."

"That adieu was meant for her mother, Charles," said Mrs. Scott, the tears still in her eyes.

"Well, let us have something cheerful now, by way of restoration."

"Why," said Miss Scott, "it is vanity that makes me sing melancholy songs, because I know they suit my voice better than a lighter sort of music; but I will do as you like."

And she sang "Jock o' Hazeldean" with great spirit; but I agreed with her that mournful songs suited her best. Soon afterwards she said she was tired, and would go to bed. Markham went out into the hall to light her candle, and, as I was close to the open door, I heard him say to her, quoting the words of the song she had just sung:

> "Adieu jusqu'a l'aurore
> Du jour en qui j'ai foi,
> Du jour qui doit encore
> Me reunir a toi.

That will be our wedding-day, Mildred."

And she looked up at him with such a smile! I never saw any face so lighted up by a smile as hers.

Next morning I woke, as I often do, singing the words of the song I had heard the evening before; not, however, the "Adieu," which had impressed me so deeply, but "Jock o' Hazeldean," which had hardly struck me at all, and the verse that I was singing was,

> The church was deck'd at eventide,
> The tapers glimmered fair,
> And priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
> But ne'er a bride was there!

I am not superstitious, but afterwards I could not help recurring to this circumstance, though I have often done the same thing before.

When I went down stairs, I found all the party assembled in the dining-room, except Mrs. Scott, her daughter, and Markham. I had an instinctive feeling that something must be wrong, which was increased when, in a few minutes, Markham entered the room, and said, in a tone of evidently forced calmness, "I must ask you to excuse Miss Scott. She has been rather overtired with all she did yesterday, and she prefers breakfasting quietly up stairs. Mrs. Scott will stay with her."

I was quite sure this was not all; I could see signs of suppressed agitation in Markham's countenance, and I observed that he touched nothing at breakfast, though he took things on his plate, and tried to appear to be eating. It is also evident that it was a great exertion to him to talk at all, and two or three times when he was spoken to he started, as if he had been entirely absorbed in his own thoughts. I had no opportunity of making any inquiries, however, for he left the room before any one else had risen from table, merely telling us that the carriages were ordered at eleven o'clock, and as the whole party could not be taken at once, some of us must set out early. After breakfast all the ladies retired, having, I suppose, a fresh toilet to make, and the rest of us lounged about and amused ourselves as well as we could till the carriages came. I was one of the first to go, and was consequently prepared for having some time to wait; but at last all the party were assembled, all the neighbors who were invited had arrived, the church was full of spectators, and yet neither the bride and bridegroom nor Mrs. Scott made their appearance. For some time people conversed in whispers, admiring the decorations of the church, and discussing the bridesmaids' costume; but as the minutes were on and no one came, a silence more painfully oppressive than company, and I could see that everybody was getting as uneasy as I felt myself. It was almost twelve o'clock now, and there was no reason for embarrassment on that point or on any other. I went on singing to myself, "but ne'er a bride was there!" and then tried to think of another song, but could not get one into my head. At last the sound of carriages was heard. "They can't be coming already," and there was an immediate bustle of everybody, and there was no further hesitating. The bridesmaids were first, and I went forward to meet her at the door. The bridesmaids arranged themselves in order, ready to close in in procession behind her, and all eyes were eagerly turned to the door.

"Good gracious! how ill she looks!" said a lady behind me, and I looked up.

She did look ill indeed. The dead white of the bridal dress is not the most becoming costume possible, and I have seen more than one pretty bride look almost plain on her wedding-day, but in this instance it was something more. Have you ever seen a snow mountain at sunset? Do you know how, when the rose tint fades, it assumes at first a green, corpse-like appearance before it returns to its usual pure silver? The change in Miss Scott's face, from the brilliant flush of excitement that it had worn the evening before, to the death-like whiteness that had come over it now, seemed to me just such a change. But it was not only that she was deadly pale; her eyes, when they met mine, had a strange, startled, terrified expression, such as I have never seen in any one before or since, and she seemed to breathe with great difficulty. Another circumstance struck me too: round her neck she wore a broad piece of black velvet, fastened with a diamond brooch. Could the velvet be worn only to set off the diamonds? It seemed to me an unusual ornament for a bride.

The service began almost immediately, as it was nearly twelve o'clock, and the bride repeated her part without any hesitation, but in a voice that seemed to me to have a stifled sound, and was so different from her yesterday's voice that I could scarcely help thinking the band round her neck must be too tight for her.

The ring had been put on, and the service was almost over, when all at once the bride gave a faint cry, and then fell back in a strong convulsive fit. I caught her in my arms as she fell, and then Markham and I carried her into the vestry, and laid her down upon the floor. I said, "Let me unfasten this band—I believe it is choking her;" and, before he could prevent me, I had unclasped the brooch. Imagine my horror to see upon her delicate white throat black marks of fingers, as if a hand had clutched it; I looked at Markham in astonishment. He only shook his head.

"Why don't you send for a doctor?" I asked.

"It's of no use," he said; "nothing can be done. Send away those people; that's all I want."

"Yes, ask them to go," said Mrs. Scott, who was sitting on the floor rubbing her daughter's cold hands. Both, I thought, seemed strangely despairing. What could it all mean? In the church I found the greatest confusion; one lady half fainting, another in hysterics, all the bridesmaids sobbing. I told them that I thought that, under the circumstances, the kindest thing we could do would be to go away as quickly as possible. All agreed to this, and the neighbors went straight home, while the others returned to the Priory, that they might prepare to go by the next train. In spite of Markham's objection, I also begged that a doctor might be sent for, and I then returned to the vestry to tell them what I had done.

She was now lying so perfectly motionless on the ground that at first I thought she was dead; but while I was speaking to Markham she gave a faint moan, then opened her eyes, and said, in a voice weaker and more choked than before, "Are you there, Charley?" Then, as he bent over her, I just caught the words, "Take me home to die." Between us we lifted her into the carriage, and when we reached the Priory, I helped him to carry her to her room. I asked him whether I might stay till the evening, and he said, "Do; I shall be glad to know that you are at hand. Stay all night if you can."

I never remember any day that seemed so long as that. Each time that I looked at my watch I could scarcely believe that it had not stopped, it seemed to have got on so slowly. By three o'clock the last of the company had departed, and I was left alone. Sometimes I wandered about the grounds, sitting down amongst the ruins, where we had sat the day before, thinking over the ghost story that Miss Scott had told, and wondering whether it could have any connexion with the morning's strange mystery. Then I went in-doors, and sat in my own room, listening for every sound, as Mrs. Markham's room was near mine, but I could hear nothing. Late in the afternoon I met the doctor, who, having been out when he was sent for, had not arrived till then. I waited about to waylay him as he went away, and asked him what he thought of his patient. He shook his head, saying, "It's the most extraordinary case I ever

here. I don't mind confessing to you that it baffles me entirely, and, what's more, I am quite sure there is some mystery that they are concealing from me; I saw it in their manner, but I could get nothing out of them. But, whatever the cause of her illness may be, I don't think, from the state she is in now, that she can live many hours."

This was but a confirmation of my own fears, but yet it was a great shock to hear it. After the doctor's departure I was commanded to my dinner, which I ate, of course, in solitude, hurrying over it as I always do when I am alone, though after the cloth was removed, and I was left sitting alone in the great dark dining-room, I wished that I had lingered over it more, that it might have helped to pass away some of the long and dreary evening that was before me. Finding the solitude of the dining-room intolerable, I returned to my own room. It was getting dark, and the evening felt damp and chilly; I lighted the fire and candles, and tried to read to pass away the time; but it was impossible. I could do nothing but go over in my mind the events of the last two days; and at last I threw away my book in despair, and, sitting down before the fire, abandoned myself to my own melancholy thoughts, till at last, I believe, I fell asleep in my chair.

When I awoke I found the fire nearly burnt out; I stirred it up, looked at my watch, and finding it was twelve o'clock, determined to go to bed. I first opened the door and listened, but could hear no sound. I then went to the window to close the shutters; the night was misty, but not so dark but what I could see the ruins of the Priory, which were opposite to my window, and I stood for some minutes looking at them, till I was roused by a knock at the door, and Markham entered.

One glance at his face was sufficient answer to my unspoken question, then he said, "It's over now; she is dead, and I can even be thankful that her sufferings are at an end."

He sat down by the fire; I took a chair opposite to him, and after a short silence he went on, though as if he was making a great effort:

"It is right that you should know all that has happened, though it is so painful to me to speak of it that I hardly know how to tell you. Yesterday morning, early, Mrs. Scott sent for me, and told me that her daughter had been very much terrified by a frightful apparition which she had seen in the night, and was so ill now that she hardly thought her fit for the wedding to take place. 'But you don't mean,' I exclaimed, quite angrily, 'that she thinks she has seen the ghost she was talking about yesterday? Why, what nonsense that is; she must have been dreaming.' 'So I have tried to persuade her,' answered Mrs. Scott; 'but I can do nothing with her. Will you go to her, and see what your influence will do?' I went to her accordingly, very indignant at what I thought her folly; but was disarmed when I saw her. She looked, I think, even worse than when you saw her afterwards; sitting back in an armchair, wrapped in a large shawl, that was drawn up close round her throat, her eyes closed, her hair unbrushed and tangled, half hanging down on the white pillow on which her head was resting. She opened her eyes when she heard my step, but for the first time since I knew her she had no smile to greet me with. 'My dear child,' I said, 'what is the matter?' 'I am dying,' she said, in that strange choked voice you must remember. 'Impossible!' I said. 'You have had some bad dream that has frightened you; you will soon be better.' She laid her hand on my arm as I knelt down by her chair, and said, faintly, 'It was no dream; it was all real. I saw her—the ghost we talked about yesterday—she came into my room last night. You know I am not fanciful, nor easily frightened, so you must not refuse to believe me. I had not been asleep, but I was lying with my eyes closed, when I became conscious of something dark between me and the window, and opening my eyes I saw a figure standing by my bedside. It did not look like what one hears ghosts described; I thought it was a living person, though I had heard no sound of any one entering the room, and the light was so imperfect that I could only see a dark figure. "Who's there?" I asked. There was no answer at first, and just then the moon shone out and lighted up the figure, so that I could see her quite plainly. She was dressed in black, like a nun, with a tattered hood over her head, and some loose locks of gray hair fell out from under it. Her face was very pale and whithered-looking, and her eyes—I shall never forget them as they glared on me. For a long time, it seemed to me, perhaps it was nearly a minute, she did not speak, only glared on me with a sort of fiendish malignity, while I felt as if her eyes, being fixed on me, took from me all power of speaking or moving. Then she said, almost in the same words that I told you yesterday, "Has thou taken possession of these lands of mine? Know that thou shalt never enjoy them, nor shall any possess them in peace, until sacrilege be atoned for and restoration made." And then she made a clutch at my throat with her bony fingers, and I remember nothing more till I found myself lying in bed in broad daylight. I tried to think at first that it was all a horrible dream; but when I looked in the glass, and saw those marks upon my neck, I knew it had really happened. It was impossible for me now any longer to try to persuade her that it was a dream, though I could fiercely believe in the reality of it myself," continued Markham; "but when she unfastened her shawl, and showed me those black marks upon her throat, I could say nothing. I tried to soothe her, telling her she would soon be better; but she only shook her head sadly. Then she said that if she could get to church she should like the wedding still to take place, because then the Priory would be mine, and she knew I would do as she wished with it. She said it might be turned either into an almshouse or a hospital; she believed there was money enough to endow it, and she thought it would be both rash and wicked to attempt to keep it, after all that had happened. After she had spoken to me she seemed to revive a little, and I felt more hopeful about her, till we were in church; from that time I saw there was no hope, and her suffering was so great for the last few hours that I was thankful when she sank into unconsciousness. Her head was resting on my shoulder when she died. Neither her mother nor I knew when it was; I only felt her hand grow cold. Come in and take a last look at her," he added, after a pause. "I think if you see her now, it will take away the painful impression that your last sight of her must have left on your mind."

I followed him into the room where she lay, and I am glad I did take that last look at her. She seemed to be at rest now, after her suffering and her face looked beautiful; her eyes closed, her features composed, the lips parted, almost with a smile; her husband had placed her bridal bouquet in her folded hands. It seemed to me then that the last change had come over the snow mountain; the rose-flush and the death-hue had both passed away, and it had returned to its original silver purity.

Mr. Hervey stopped. He had spoken the last words more as if thinking aloud than addressing me; now he looked up at me, and colored slightly, as if his feelings had led him to say more than he had intended to such a perfect stranger.

"And now my story is finished," he said, and I must ask you not to criticise and be incredulous; for, whatever you may think, it was a terrible reality to me at the time, and it has made an impression which will never be effaced from my mind."

"Indeed, I am not going to criticise," I said. "I always prefer believing everything, whether it is natural or supernatural. But I should like to hear something more, though you say you have come to the end of your story. What has become of Captain Markham, and what has he done with his dangerous property?"

"Different plans were proposed," said Mr. Hervey, "but I believe that the one he and Mrs. Scott decided on, as least spoiling the fine old house, was to make it a home for poor ladies who are unable to work for their living. Markham only stayed there long enough to arrange it all, and then went with Mrs. Scott to the south of France for her health; but she never recovered the shock of her daughter's death, and died last winter at Pau. Since then he has been travelling about, and I believe he is now going to the East, but I have never heard of him since he wrote to tell me of Mrs. Scott's death. I always hope I may hear that he is married again, but I am afraid it will be a long time before he recovers his poor bride's death sufficiently to allow him to think of such a thing."

It would be of little interest to the reader to know how the rest of the afternoon passed: suffice it to say, that the time I had looked forward to with so much dread passed by so fast and so pleasantly with my new acquaintance, that it was with great regret that I saw the riding-party return nearly an hour sooner than I had expected them.

WASHINGTON'S BATTLES.

General Washington's first battle was at Trenton, December 25, 1776, which he won; his second at Princeton, January 2, 1777, which he likewise won; his third was at Brandywine, September 11, 1777, in which he was defeated by General Howe; his fourth was at Germantown, October 4, 1777, where he was also defeated by Howe after a desperate engagement; his fifth was at Monmouth, June 28, 1778, in which he was victorious; and the sixth and closing battle of the Revolution was fought at Yorktown, October 19, 1781, in which he came off victorious by capturing General Cornwallis, with all his army, numbering 7,500 men. In summing up we find that he was victorious in four battles and defeated in two. In the two battles in which he was defeated, General Howe commanded the British, and Washington's troops were very inferior in number to those of the British commander.

☞ It is stated that the recent death of Mr. Duffield, the English artist, was caused by his blood having become completely poisoned by the absorption into his system of the odor of dead game, which he was constantly painting.

☞ It does one good to hear of a well preserved old lady like widow Lust, of Litchfield, who, the Gardiner Journal says, is eighty-six years old, has all of her teeth sound and good, has never worn spectacles, can see to thread her needle by candle light, and is in every way smart and active.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

Extraordinary Account of a Federal Spy and his Operations.

In 1862, there lived, in the state of ——, a Union man, with wife and children. He was a friend of the Union, and an anti-slavery man upon principle. After the rebellion broke out, and when the "Southern heart" had become fired, this man, living in a strong pro-slavery region, and surrounded by opulent slaveholders, his own family connections and those of his wife being wealthy and bitter secessionists, very prudently held his peace, feeling his utter inability to stem the tide of rebellion in his section. Thus, without tacit admissions, or any direct action on his part, the gentleman of whom we write was classed by the people of his section as a secessionist.

Circumstances occurred during that year by which this person was brought into contact with a Federal commander in Kentucky, Gen. Nelson. Their meeting and acquaintance was accidental. Mutual Union sentiments begat personal sympathy and friendship. Nelson wished a certain service performed in the rebel territory, and he persuaded the citizen to undertake it, which the latter finally did as a matter of duty, we are assured, rather than of gain, for he made no charge for the service after its speedy and successful performance. Soon after a similar work was necessary, and again was the citizen importuned, and again he consented, but not considering himself as a professional spy.

During this or a similar trip, and while at Chattanooga, our man heard of the sudden death of Gen Nelson. He was now at a loss what to do. Finally he determined to return and report his business to Major-General Rosecrans, who had assumed command of the Federal army. Thus resolved, he proceeded to finish his mission. After ascertaining the position of military affairs at Chattanooga, he came to Murfreesboro', where Bragg's army was then collecting. Staying here several days, he was urged by his Southern army friends to act as their spy in Kentucky. The better to conceal his own feelings and position, he consented to do so, and he left Gen. Bragg's headquarters to go to that state by way of Nashville, feigning important business, and from thence to go to his home, passing by and through Rosecrans' army as it lay stretched out between Nashville and Louisville.

The nameless man now makes his way to the Federal headquarters, seeks a private interview with Gen. Rosecrans, and states his case fully as we have just related. Here was something remarkable, surely—a spy in the confidence of the commanders of the two great opposing armies. Our general took great pains to satisfy himself of the honesty and soundness of the stranger. He was pleased with the man's candid manner, and his story bore an air of consistency and truth. Yet he was a Southerner, surrounded by rebellious influences, and enjoyed Bragg's confidence; and what guaranty could be given that he was a Union man at heart? None; and our general, in great perplexity, held counsel with his chief police, and requested the latter to "dig up" the case to its very root. This was done; but in what manner we need not specially state. Satisfied that it would do to trust the spy, to a certain extent, at least, he was now sent on his way to perform his mission for Bragg. At all events that scheming general so supposed when our man's report was made at the rebel headquarters a few days afterward. His information was very acceptable to Bragg; but we strongly question its value to rebeldom, as the spy reported only what he was told by that old fox, Col. Truesdail, the chief of the Federal army police.

Perhaps the reader will inquire, How we answer for the report thus made to Bragg? It may have been more true and valuable than we supposed. Well, there is force in the query. However, we were then quite confident of the worthlessness of the reports of our spy to Bragg, because he had nothing else to tell him. For five days did our spy keep himself locked in a private room in the police building at Nashville. His meals were carried to him by a trusty servant. His door was "shadowed" constantly by our best detectives, and so were his steps if he ventured upon the street for a few moments after dark. It was cold and bleak winter weather, and he toasted himself before his comfortable fire, read books and papers, and conferred often with the chief of police and his assistant, affording them, strangers as they were to that region of country, a fund of valuable information respecting the rebels of Kentucky and Tennessee. He was a man of fine address and good intellectual attainments. When our man concluded it was about time for his return to Bragg's army, he was politely escorted by our mounted police to a proper point beyond our lines, and by a route where he would see nothing of our forces. The reader will now appreciate the grounds of our confidence, we doubt not, in the worthlessness of at least one of Gen. Bragg's spy reports.

In due time this nameless gentleman again enters our lines, and is escorted by our pickets to the general commanding, to whom he reports in person concerning all that is transpiring in Bragg's army at Murfreesboro', and then he resumes his pleasant private quarters at the army police building. After a brief stay another trip was made by our man to Bragg's headquarters, we using the same precautions as previously. In fact, our spy dictated and even demanded such attention at the hands of the chief of police. Said he: "I am a stranger to you all. I can give you no guaranty whatever of my good faith. It is alike due to you and to myself that I be allowed no opportunities for deceiving you.

The report he carried to Bragg on his second trip delighted the latter. His officers talked with our man freely, and, after staying at Murfreesboro' two or three days and riding and walking about in the most innocent and unconcerned manner, he was again sent back to Nashville to "fool that slow Dutchman, Rosecrans," as one of the rebel officers remarked. Of the importance of the report now brought to the "slow Dutchman" we need not state further than that it contributed its due weight to a decision fraught with tremendous consequences to the army and to the country. Marching orders were soon after issued for the advance of the Army of the Cumberland upon Murfreesboro'.

Now commenced a period of excessive labor and peril for the nameless spy. Gen. Rosecrans and Bragg each wanted instant and constant information as the armies approached. The minutiæ of this man's work for four or five days we need not stop to relate; it is easily imagined. Within that time he entered the rebel lines and returned three times. He gave the outline of Bragg's line of battle, a close estimate of his force, an accurate account of his artillery and his earthworks, the movement of the rebel wagon and railroad trains, &c., &c. He was very earnest in assuring Rosecrans that Bragg intended to give severe battle with superior numbers. This information proved true in all essentials, and its value to the country was inestimable. We had other spies piercing the rebel lines at this time, but they did not enjoy the facilities possessed by the nameless one. Almost with anguish did he exclaim against himself, in presence of the author, for the severe manner in which he was deceiving the rebel general and involving the lives of his thousands of brave but deluded followers.

After the first great battle the work of such a spy is ended, or rather it ceases when the shock of arms comes on. Thenceforth the armies are moved upon the instant, as circumstances may require. Our man, who during the four days had been almost incessantly in the saddle, or with his ears and eyes painfully observant while in the camps, took leave of our army upon the battle-field, and retired to a place of rest.

One incident occurred during his last visit to Bragg which is worthy of mention. That general took alarm in consequence of his report, and at once started a special messenger to Gen. John H. Morgan—who was then absent with his cavalry in Kentucky to destroy Rosecrans's railroad communications (in which Morgan succeeded)—to return instantly with his command, by forced marches to Murfreesboro'. The same night our man reported this fact to the Federal commander, described the messenger and what route he was to take, &c. The information was telegraphed at once to Nashville, Gallatin and Bowling Green, and a force was sent from each of those posts to intercept the messenger. They failed to apprehend him, which, however, proved of no consequence, as the battles of Stone River were fought and Bragg was on his retreat from Murfreesboro' by the time Morgan could have received the orders.

Our spy was a brave man; yet during the last three days of his service he was most sensible of its peril. To pass between hostile lines in the lone hours of the night—for he did not wait for daylight—to be halted by guerillas and scouts and pickets, with guns aimed at him, and, finally, to meet and satisfy the anxious, keen-eyed, heart-searching rebel officers as well as our own, was a mental as well as a physical demand that could not long be sustained. While proceeding upon his last expedition, the author met the nameless one upon a by-road. We halted our horses, drew near, and conversed a few seconds in private, while our attendants and companions moved on. He was greatly exhausted and soiled in appearance, his clothing having been rained upon and splashed by muddy water, caused by hard riding, and which had dried upon him. He said he was about to try it once more, and, though he had been so often and successfully, yet he feared detection and its sure result—the bullet or the halter. He had been unable, amid the hurry and excitement, to make some final disposition of his affairs. He gave us a last message to send to his wife and children in case it became necessary; and he also desired a promise—most freely given—that we would attend to the settlement of his account with our general for services recently rendered. Thus concluding, he wrung our hand most earnestly, and, putting spurs to his fresh and spirited animal, dashed off upon his mission. Twenty hours afterward we were relieved of our anxious foreboding by his safe and successful return. We have stated the price paid him for his labors (five thousand dollars); it was well earned, and to our cause was a most profitable investment.—"*Annals of the Army of the Cumberland*"

☞ Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows are the only piece of second-hand goods that sell at prime cost.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

The London Globe gives the following interesting account of the rise and present position of the "money kings of Europe," the famous house of Rothschild:

"Among all the congresses held this summer, of princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild has been sitting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to rearrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure thrones at London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfort.

"It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance at the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfort at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the 'Jew lane,' over which hung the sign-board of a red shield, called in German roth schild. As a dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the Serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The Serene Elector, being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew lane of Frankfort, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all the Princes of Europe.—The dwellers under the sign of the Red Shield laughed in their sleeves, keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two million florins had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

"Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of having his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and who, conscious of their social value, dropped the name of Anselm, and adopted the higher sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the signboard over the paternal house. On his death-bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfort was clearly too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfort; the second, Salomon, born in 1774, settled at Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the *enfant terrible* of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Napes; and the fifth and youngest, James, born 1792, took up his residence at Paris. Strictly united, the wealth and power of the five Rothschilds were vested in the eldest-born; nevertheless, the shrewdest of the sons of Mayer Anselm, and the heir of his genius, Nathan, the third son, took the reigns of government into his own hands. By his faith in Wellington, and the flesh and muscle of British soldiers, he nearly doubled the fortune of the family, gaining, more than a million sterling by the sole battle of Waterloo, the news of which he carried to England two days earlier than the mail. The weight of the solid millions gradually transferred the ascendancy in the family from Germany to England, making London the metropolis of the reigning dynasty of Rothschild.

"Like the royal families of Europe, the members of the house of Rothschild only intermarry with each other. James Rothschild married the daughter of his brother Salomon; his son Edmund, heir apparent to the French line, was united to his first cousin, the daughter of Lionel, and grand-daughter of Nathan Rothschild; and Lionel again—M. P. for London—gave his hand in 1836, to his first cousin, Charlotte, the daughter of Charles Rothschild of Naples. It is unnecessary to say that, though these matrimonial alliances have kept the millions wonderfully together, they have not improved the race of old Mayer Anselm of the Red Shield. Already signs of physical weakness are becoming visible in the great family. So at least hint the French papers in their meagre notices about the Rothschild congress at Paris. From all that can be gathered out of a wilderness of *canards*, thin faces, and thick fiction, it appears that the sovereigns of the Stock Exchange met in conference for the double purpose of centralizing their money power and widening their matrimonial realm. In other words, the five reigning kings, descendants, according to the law of primogeniture, of the five sons of Mayer Anselm, came to the decision to reduce the number to four, by casting off the Neapolitan branch of Charles Rothschild, which it was likewise decided that permission should be given to the younger members of the family to marry for the benefit of the main, beyond the range of first cousinship.

"What has led to the exclusion of the Neapolitan line of Rothschild seems to have been the constant exercise of a highly blameable liberality, unheard of in the annals of the family. Charles, prodigal son of Mayer Anselm, actually presented, in the year 1846, ten thousand ducats to the orphan asylum of St. Carlo, at Naples, and the son and heir of Charles, Gustavus, has given repeated signs of his inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father. Such conduct, utterly unbecoming of the policy of the house of Rothschild, could not be allowed to pass unnoticed; and, accordingly—we quote the rumor of Paris journalism—the declension of the Neapolitan line has been pronounced. However, Baron Gustavus de Rothschild is not to retire into private life, like Emperor Charles V., with only a cossack on his back and a prayer book in his hand, but is allowed to take with him a small fortune of 120,000,000, or about six millions sterling—a mere crumb from the table of the descendants of poor Mayer Anselm, who wandered shoeless through the electorate of good King George the Third. It is certain that no romance of royalty is equal to the romance of the house of Rothschild."

☞ It is difficult in this age of popular literature to realize as a fact that at so comparatively recent a period in the history of man as the fourteenth century, books were so rare as to be worth their weight in silver. Those born to the enjoyment of wealth rarely reflect on the toils that were involved in its accumulation; and, while exulting in its strength, this generation, the heir of all other ages, is apt to forget how largely it is indebted to the exertions of its ancestors for its superiority, and by what slow and laborious processes of thought the useful arts, whereon its prosperity is founded, have been brought to their present perfection.

☞ "Pa, how many legs has a ship?"

"A ship has no legs, my child."

"Why, pa, the paper says she draws twenty feet, and that she runs before the wind."

☞ USEFUL QUALITY.—A wag purchased a very fine horse. Returning from a ride a few days afterwards, he said he had discovered a quality in his animal which added a few pounds to his value—he shied at a lawyer!

☞ The following singular announcement appeared in the New York Herald: "Six bridesmaids and groomsmen wanted, by a couple about to be married, who have but a few friends in this city, and wish to be handsomely united. To respectable parties a fair compensation will be given. Address," &c.

☞ The odd proposal has been made in England to turn the Great Eastern into a floating hotel, and anchor off Cowes, to make occasional sea excursions.

☞ Captain Eli S. Parker, of General Grant's staff, is said to be a full-blooded Indian, and a grandson of the celebrated Red Jacket.

☞ The days of wooden freight cars appear to be numbered. For the past two years, iron freight cars have been built at Albany for the New York Central Railroad, thin iron plate being used. Such cars are lighter and more durable.

☞ A COLORED CHAPLAIN.—The Central Presbyterian gives the following curious item:—"A correspondent of the Soldier's Friend mentions a Tennessee regiment of the Confederate army which has no chaplain; but an old negro, 'Uncle Lewis,' preaches two or three times a week at night. He is heard with respectful attention; and for earnestness, zeal and sincerity, can be surpassed by none. Two or three revivals have followed his preaching in the regiment."

☞ The Price Current tells a good story of a jack-tar who inquired at the Merchant's Exchange for a dentist's shop, and at the same time exhibited a partly decayed tooth, that he had just had "pulled," and desired to know if some of the dentists did not buy "old teeth" to use in their business in the way of supplying false sets, &c.

☞ The rebel prisoners at Point Lookout pass their time in bartering with each other. This traffic is significant only as to the comparative value of U. S. and Confederate money, the prices of small articles being among them 5 cents in greenbacks or $2.50 Confederate scrip. One of the prisoners having erected a mud brick chimney for an officer, charged $30 in Confederate money for the job, but willingly compromised for 50 cents in U. S. currency.

☞ Mr. S. W. Cook, having sent the editor of the Lewiston Journal a gold dollar with a notice of his marriage, (a very commendable custom, by the way,) the gratified editor wishes him and his a long and happy life, trusting that he may never find in this world that "that too many Cooks spoil the broth."

☞ The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

CURIOUS ALPINE EXPERIENCES.

Professor Tyndall sends us for publication some curious Alpine experiences of Mr. Robert Spencer Watson and his party in the region of the Jungfrau. Mr. Watson says: "On the 10th of July I visited the Col de la Jungfrau from the Æggishorn, in company with my wife and Messrs. Sowerby and W. G. Adams, of Marlborough College. We had with us guides J. N. Claret, of Chamonix, and a young man from the hotel. The early morning was bright, and gave promise of a fine day, but as we approached the Col clouds settled down upon it, and on reaching it we encountered so severe a storm of wind, snow and hail, that we were unabled to stay more than a few minutes. As we descended, the snow continued to fall so densely that we lost our way, and for some time we were wandering up the Lotsch Satel. We had hardly discovered our mistake when a loud peal of thunder was heard, and shortly after I observed that a strange singing sound like that of a kettle was issuing from my Alpen stock. We halted, and finding that all the axes and stocks emitted the same sound stuck them into the snow. The guide from the hotel now pulled off his cap, shouting that his head burned, and his hair was seen to have a similar appearance to that which it would have presented had he been on an insulated stool under a powerful electrical machine. We all of us experienced the sensation of pricking or burning in some part of the body, more especially in the head and face, my hair standing on end in an uncomfortable and very amusing manner. The snow gave out a hissing as though a heavy shower of hail were falling; the veil on the wide-awake of one of the party stood upright in the air, and on waving our hands the singing sound issued loudly from the fingers. Whenever a peal of thunder was heard the phenomena ceased, to be resumed before the echoes had died away. At these times we felt shocks, more or less violent, in those portions of the body which were most affected. By one of these my right arm was paralyzed so completely that I could neither use nor raise it for several minutes, nor, indeed, until it had been severely rubbed by Claret, and I suffered much pain in the shoulder joint for several hours. At half-past 12 the clouds began to pass away; and the phenomena finally ceased, having lasted 35 minutes. We saw no lightning, and were puzzled at first as to whether we should be afraid or amused. The young guide was very much alarmed, but Claret who is devoid of fear, and who had twice before heard the singing (though without any of the other symptoms), laughed so heartily that we joined him. No evil effects were felt afterwards beyond the inconvenience arising from the burning of our faces, which though we had no sun, were almost livid in hue when we arrived at Æggishorn."—*Athenæum.*

A POSSESSED AUTHOR.

The success of many great authors is undoubtedly due to the manner in which they give themselves up solely to the topic in hand. It is told of Balzac that when about to write a book he shut himself up in a darkened room, from which he did not emerge until his work was completed. Carlyle, if we are to believe a correspondent of the Boston Commonwealth, has gone a step further, and lost his own identity in that of the hero of his latest work:

"Carlyle has in his study, nineteen different portraits of Frederick, and more than two thousand books, in many languages, which bear upon the life he is writing. Every other picture, and every book not bearing on that life, he has excluded from his study. The spiritualists, of which there are not a few in London, say that he is possessed by the spirit of Frederick, and that he is not responsible for the things he writes now about slavery or anything else, and that when the life is completed he will awaken as from a spell, and be clothed in his right mind."

☞ Chicamauga Creek.—A correspondent gives the following description of this now famous locality:—"I am familiar with the names and localities near Chattanooga, and I beg to correct the spelling of the word by which the battle is generally called. It should be 'Chicamauga,' not 'Chicamanga.' It is a Cherokee compound word. The first syllable signifies 'stream' or 'creek;' the whole signifies 'the Stream of Death.' The village of Ronsville, in the vicinity, was for many years the seat of the principal chief of the Cherokees. The valley through which runs the little river Chicamauga was low, and subject to overflow. The river doubtless derived its name from the unhealthiness of this little valley, through which it passes."

☞ It seems that fainting is a profession in Paris. A stylishly dressed young lady recently testified before a court in that gay city, that she was well paid for fainting away at the theatre, out of pure emotion at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play!

☞ At a London police court, lately, a man was charged with stealing lead from an empty house. He admitted to the constable who apprehended him that he had taken the lead, and added, mournfully, "It certainly is a very paltry act, for in my time I have broken into and robbed jewelers' shops. See what it is to be reduced."

☞ The Russian sailors, it is said, can put under their jacket a stiffer glass of grog than ordinary people. A bottle of whiskey at a sitting, to each man, and a tumbler brimming full of old Bourbon whiskey—unmoonst of water—is a common dose.

☞ In the year 700 the Lord's Prayer commenced: "Ure fader thic are in heofnas;" in 900, "Thee ure fader the thofsun;" in 1100 it was rendered, "Fader thou art in heaven bliss;" in 1300, "Ure Fader in heaven;" in 1400, "Feder our in heaven;" and in 1527, "O, our father who art in heaven."

☞ Well-behaved boys may be called younkers; but rude and vulgar ones are nothing but young-ers.

DIPTHERIA.

☞ For the cure of that dreadful disease, Davis' Pain Killer is a specific, if resorted to in time.

It should be used, mixed with water, as a gargle, and the throat bathed with the PAIN KILLER freely. Read what Dr. WALTON writes us from Coshocton county, Ohio:

"I am happy to inform you that the PAIN KILLER cures the new disease, *Diptheria or Sore Throat*, that is prevailing to so alarming an extent in this section of the country. On Walnut Creek, Holmes county, they was scarcely say other remedy, until it has never been known to fail in a single instance when used in time. This fact you may make known to the world."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is firmer. Sales comprise about 18,000 bbls, in lots, at $5,37½@5,50 for superfine; $6@6,75 for extras; $6,75@7,75 for extra family, old stock and fresh ground, and $8@9 for fancy brands. The trade are buying moderately at the above figures and $9¼@10 ₱ bbl for high grade fancies, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce and firm, with small receipts and sales at $6,25@6,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is inquired for, with little or none offering, and Brandywine is quoted at $5,00 ₱ bbl. Buckwheat Meal comes in slowly, and is selling in lots at $3,50@3,75 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in good demand at an advance of 2@3c ₱ bus, the receipts reaching about 60,000 bus, at $1,50@1,55 for fair to prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,58@1,60 for Southern do, the latter for amber, and $1,62@1,64 for common to choice white. Rye is steady, with further small receipts and sales of Delaware and Pennsylvania at $1,18@1,24. Corn is excited, with very little offering and prices are 10@15c better, with sales of 25,000 bus at $1@1,19 for Western mixed, and Pennsylvania and Delaware yellow in store and afloat, including white at $1,06@1,08, and several small lots of prime yellow, which is very scarce, at $1,19@1,14. Oats are also better, and about 30,000 bus sold at 83c weight and 66@66c measure. Barley and Malt are firm, with sales of the latter to note at $1,60@1,65.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product generally is better and more active, with sales of 3000 bbls Pork, in lots, at $16,50@16,50 for old Mess; $16,50@17,87½ ₱ bbl for new, now held higher. Beef is steady at $12@13 for Western and city Mess; 300 bbls rounds sold privately. Prime is advanced, but the demand is confined to shoulders and sides at 7@7½c for the former and 8@8½c for the latter. Nothing doing in Hams. Green Meats are scarce and wanted at full prices. We quote Hams in salt at 9½@10c, and Shoulders at 6½@7c. Lard is firmly held, with further sales of 1200 bbls and tcs at 10½@11½c, and kegs at 13@13½c. Butter is in better demand, selling more freely at 18@28c for Penna and Ohio, and 27@30c for good and choice Goshen. Cheese is quiet at 13@16 ₱ lb. Eggs are better and selling at 25c ₱ dozen.

COTTON.—The receipts and stocks continue very light; some 300 bales having been disposed of, in small lots, at 85@86c for middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES continue firm, and the demand for both kinds is fair at fully former rates.

BARK.—There is less offering, and about 130 hhds Quercitron have been taken, in lots, mostly at $36½ for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is scarce and high.

BEESWAX comes in slowly, and about 4000 lbs have been disposed of, mostly at 45c ₱ lb.

COAL.—There is an active inquiry both for shipment and home use, at fully former rates.

COFFEE.—There is rather more arriving; sales of 400 bags at 31@33c for Rio, and 33@33½c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is firmly held. Yellow Metal is better, and selling at 32c for Sheets, and 33c for Bolts, on time.

DYE-WOODS are scarce and high, prices ranging at 58@60c for good Western.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit is arriving and selling more freely, but the demand is confined to Apples within the range of $2½@3½ ₱ bbl. Cranberries are taken as wanted at $9@11 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly. We quote Apples at 7@8c, and unpeeled Peaches at 7@13c ₱ lb the latter for prime halves.

HAY continues in demand at rather higher rates, prices ranging at $2@2,25 ₱ ton.

HOPS are firm and selling as wanted at 30@ 36c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market is excited and on the advance; sales are reported at $41@42 for Anthracite No 1, $38@39 for No 2, and $35@37 for No 3, cash. 1000 tons gray Forge sold at $44, cash. Scotch Pig is scarce.

LEAD.—The market is firm, and nothing doing in the way of sales.

LIME arrives slowly, and meets with ready sale at the advance. White Pine Boards sell freely at $26@28; Yellow Bap $22@24; Hemlock do $18, and Scantling at $18. Laths are firm, and quoted at $1,75@2, and White Pine Shingles steady at $19@21 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is firm.

NAVAL STORES continue unsettled and dull; sales of 2000 bbls crude are reported at about 35c, and refined in bond at 42@44c.

PLASTER is dull, and quoted nominally at $4½ ₱ ton.

SEEDS.—There is rather more Clover arriving, and prices range at $7@7,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is steady at $2,50@2,75, and Flaxseed dull at $2@2,10 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin continue firm at fully former rates. N. E. Rum is better, and selling at 74@75c. Whiskey has further advanced, with large sales of Penna and Western bbls at 61½@64c, hhds 60@62c, and Drudge at 59@61½c.

SUGARS.—The market is more active and prices ½c better, with sales of about 2000 hhds, mostly Cuba, to note at 12¾@13c; about 800 boxes also sold at 13¾@14½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—The market is firm, with further sales of country at 11¾c, and city at about 12c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO.—The high views of holders limits operations.

WOOL.—There is more arriving; the high views of holders limiting operations to some 350,000 lbs fleece and pulled at 90@95c net, mostly at 83@85c for the former.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2883 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 10 cts ₱ lb. 1235 Cows brought from $25 to 50 ₱ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 4¾ to 5¾c ₱ lb gross. 920 Hogs brought from $7,00 to 8,75 ₱ cwt net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 26 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
J. HUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

I AM CURED.

"I have taken six doses of Radway's Pills, of three pills each, in six days; they cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. I have been ill—ill'd, A——n', and many other pills for years, and could only obtain temporary relief. If I stopped the use of these pills for a week my old complaint would appear. Six doses of Radway's Pills cured me.

"SIMEON BENEDICT,
"U. S. A."

"I have suffered with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for seven years—I have used all sorts of pills—they would give me temporary comfort, but was compelled to take them all the time. I have used one box of Dr. Radway's Pills, I am cured, and I have not taken a particle of medicine in six months.

"C. M. CHILDS,
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Dr. Radway's Pills always cure, no straining, cleansing, false calls to the water closet, follow their use—they purge freely and cure rapidly.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, FITS, EPILEPSY, and all chronic diseases are cured by DR. CLARK, at 949 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. Office hours 9 to 10 A. M., 1 to 3—7 to 9 P. M. Letters containing a stamp will secure attention.

GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING.
Baldness Prevented.
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London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

This discovery for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and making the hair grow on bald heads, it is a beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Any who see bald and gray have had their hair permanently restored. Only one preparation. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2,50. Sold, wholesale and retail, by Dr. SWAYNE & Son, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. nov7-3m

ALL THE WORLD TAKE NOTICE,
THAT
THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Weak Breast, all Pulmonary Complaints.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
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A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt style in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, oftentimes curing the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every accredient of human skill. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
nov7-3m

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FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. OSCAR H. SAILOR, to Miss MARY A. daughter of the late Henry C. Weber, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, JAMES H. BEVERLIN, to Miss ALWILD LLOYD, both of this city.

On the 11th of Oct. by the Rev. J. Chambers, Mr. JOHN A. KRAMER, of this city, to Miss ROSA FITZGERALD, of Holmesburg, Pa.

On the 1st of Oct. by the Rev. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., WILLIAM M. FLACK, to HANNAH A. BANKS, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Calthorper, Mr. JOSEPH J. PERRY, of Metamora, Ill., to Miss ANNA E. STOTT, of Coatesville, Pa.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. R. H. Pattison, Mr. HENRY B. CLAYPOOL, of Burlington county, N. J. to Miss ROSE A. LYNCH, of Baltimore, Md.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JACOB KRIDER, of Fulton township, to Miss MARY H. HARNISH, of Conestoga township, both of Lancaster county, Pa.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, LEONARD K. BELL, in his 45th year.

On the 10th instant, SARAH MOUNT, in her 74th year.

On the 9th instant, ANN BRADLEY, in her 75th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. HOWELL POWELL, in his 61st year.

On the 8th instant, THOMAS CORN, Sr. aged 66 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WECKERLY, in her 87th year.

On the 8th instant, SARAH SCOTT, in her 19th year.

On the 7th instant, MARK L. MADARA, in his 40th year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN GILMER, in his 55th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. MARY DENNING, in her 52d year.

On the 5th instant, Captain CHARLES C. WILLIAMS, in his 34th year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

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FOR 1864!
VOLS. XXIII. AND XXIV.
EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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Our arrangements for 1864 include
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written expressly for the HOME MAGAZINE. One of these will be by
MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
and commence in the January number. Another will be by
T. S. ARTHUR.
And the third from the pen of
MRS. M. A. DENISON,
a writer who has long been a favorite with the public. Besides these,
OUR LARGE CORPS
OF TALENTED WRITERS
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Our Premium Plates for 1864 are large Photographs of
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AND
"THE MITHERLESS BAIRN,"
two charming and popular Pictures. These Photographs are on albuminized paper, exquisitely copied, and superior to any heretofore sent by us. No picture ever published has been as popular as "Evangeline," and the demand for it at the print sellers' is still very large.—The splendid English print, entitled "The Mitherless Bairn," sells for $25. Our copies give all the detail, and all the fine effects perfectly.

☞ One of these prints goes to every getter-up of a club, large or small.

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1 copy Home Magazine (and one of the premium plates),	$2 00
2 copies (and one of the premium plates to getter-up of club),	3 00
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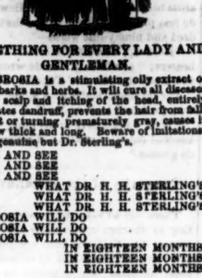

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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Pirkots, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and so closely as to astonish all. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and is five feet and four inches in length—when let down reaching to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair. MISS. LUCY A. BROWN,
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No one is now deterred from changing the
WHISKERS OR MUSTACHE
from red, gray or sandy, to a rich
BLACK OR BROWN,
by a fear of injuring or staining the skin.
CRISTADORO'S DYE
is harmless as water, mild as new milk, and
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in the magnificent colors it imparts.
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative
is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.
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where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oct1-6m

Wit and Humor.

BEAT 'EM ALL.

The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are of worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of table land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbor's boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" on Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across the lots, was up in the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old man rode into line they cried "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, ahead of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the other end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sung out,

"I know'd you'd beat, massa! I know'd you'd beat!"

QUESTIONS ALL AROUND.

One of the best things we have heard for some time, fall under our observation a day or two since. Our friend Jones wanted a servant girl in his family, and went to an intelligence office and made known his wants to the proprietor. Says Jones—

"Have you any first rate servant girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work."

"Oh, yes," says the proprietor, "any quantity—let me show you one."

Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with—

"An' does ye want a servant?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"How many hev yer in yer family?" Jones answered.

"And hev yer hot and cold water?" Answers again.

"How many children hev yer? and do yer make yer girls wash Sundays? Is the church far away?"

All these questions, with about fifty more were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the laboring oar himself.

"You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl, but I want to ask you one question: Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Then," says Jones, very blandly, "you won't answer my turn."

And away went the astonished Celt, feeling for once that she had caught a Tartar.

THE COMMITTEE MEETING.

A philosophical old gentleman was one day passing a new school-house erected somewhere toward the setting-sun-borders of our glorious Union, when his attention was suddenly aroused by a crowd of persons gathered around the door. He inquired of a boy, whom we met, what was going on.

"Well, nothin' 'cept the skule committee, and they're goin' in."

"Oh, committee meets to-day, eh? What for?"

"Well," continued the boy, "you see Bill, that's our biggest boy, got mad the other day at the teacher, and so he went all over and gathered dead cats. Nothin' but cats and cats. Oh, it was orful, them cats."

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with the school-committee?"

"Now, well, you see, Bill kept a bringin' cats and cats; always pilin' 'em up yonder, (pointing to a large pile, as large in extent as a pyramid, and considerably aromatic) and he piled them and piled them. Nothin' but cats, cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did. What has the committee met for?"

"Then Bill got sick handlin' 'em, and everybody got sick nosin' 'em; but Bill got madder and didn't give up, but kept a pilin' up the cats, and—"

"Tell me what the committee are holding a meeting for!"

"Why, the skule committee are going to meet to hold a meeting to say whether they'll move the skule house or them cats."

The old gent evaporated immediately.

☞ Coleridge, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out, "Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?" "Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

☞ The following is sharp:—First party—"You'll come to the gallows some day." Second, or addressed party—"Yes, the day you're hanged."

OLD MOSS AND HIS WONDERFUL DOG.

During the summer of 1859, a gentleman by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerably a wag, was travelling on a steamboat up the Mississippi River. He had with him an ugly cur that he called "Major." Old Moss was seated with a number of men in the cabin, and as was usual with him, was boasting of what he could do. The captain, who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Moss replied that he would bet him treats for all the gentlemen present that he would make his dog do three things, he telling him to do them. The captain took the bet.

Old Moss then opened the door and went out on the guards, followed by the captain and gentlemen present, who were quite anxious to see the sport. Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Moss yelled out—

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the dog could touch the ground, he yelled out—

"Wade, Major, wade!"

Major waded till he landed on the ground, when Moss shouted out—

"Shake yourself, Major, shake yourself!"

Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain, who, with the gentlemen present, were convulsed with laughter, and said—

"There! I have won the bet."

It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

AMONG THE GRASSES.—A darkey preacher arose to announce his text as follows:—"In de fust pistol ob Clover, and at the two hundred and ninety-fust verse—"

"Hold up, Doctor!" shouted one of his hearers; "you have got on de wrong book; you mean the pistol of Timothy, I s'pose."

The preacher hesitated a moment with a very profound look, and said:

"Well, I must cave in dis time; though I knowed dat de text was somewhere among de grasses."

Longevity of the Antediluvians.

There are so very many causes contributing to shorten considerably the length of human life, that we have completely lost every criterion by which to estimate its original duration; and it would be no slight problem for a profound physiological science to discover and explain, from a deeper investigation of the earth or'astronomical influences, which are often susceptible of very minute applications, the primary cause of human longevity. By a simpler course of life and diet than the very artificial, unnatural and over-refined modes we follow, there are, even at the present day, numerous examples of a longevity far beyond the ordinary duration of human life. In India it is by no means uncommon to meet with men, especially in the Brahminical caste, more than a hundred years of age, and in the robust and even generative power of constitution. In the laboring classes of Russia, whose modes of life are so simple, there are examples of men living to more than a hundred, a hundred and twenty, and even a hundred and fifty years of age; and although these instances form rare exceptions, they are more numerous there than in other European countries. There are even remarkable cases of old men who, after the entire loss of their teeth, have gained a complete new set, as if their constitution had received a new sap of life and a principle of second growth. What, in the present physical degeneracy of mankind, forms but a rare exception, may originally have been the ordinary measure of the length of human life, or at least may afford us some trace and indication of such a measure, more especially as other branches of human science offer corresponding analogies. On the other side of that great wall of separation which divides us from the primitive ages, in that world so little known to us, a standard for the duration of human life very different from the present may have prevailed.—*Schlegel.*

NEVER AGAIN!

Broken the golden chord,
Severed the silken tie;
Never again will the old days come,
Darling, to you and I.

Dead the beautiful Past!
Scattered around its bier
Pale thoughts lie thick, and memories
Of days that were so dear.

Memories? Fold them up—
Lay them sacred by;
What avails it to dream of the Past!
The Future! for you and I!

Broken the silken chord,
Severed the golden chain,
Linking us with the beautiful days
That never can come again!

☞ A man cannot burrow in his counting-room for ten or twenty of the best years of his life, and come out as much of a man and as little of a mole as when he went in.

☞ What is fame? The advantage of being known by people of whom you yourself know nothing, and for whom you care as little.

BOY.—"Isn't it very naughty of Papa to tell stories?"

MAMMA.—"Well, dear—it would be—but what do you mean?"

BOY.—"Why, Papa says, that candy is nasty trash—and it's so very good you know?"

JUST LIKE THIS.

AN OLD GERMAN FOLKS SONG.

Speaks one to me of a maid
Than all other maidens fairer,
Says he, every one who sees,
To all others doth prefer her;—
Who this is, right well I wis;
My dear girl is just like this.

Says one, she is white and red,
Like the lilies and the roses;
In each feature of her face
Some bewitching charm reposes;
Who this is, right well I wis;
My dear girl is just like this.

Praises one a little hand,
And an arm so soft to finger,
Waist just large enough to span,
Foot on which one's eyes must linger:—
Who this is, right well I wis;
My dear girl is just like this.

Praises one large, loving eyes,
Curls as black as wing of raven,
Mouth that's just for kissing made,
Bosom like the hills of heaven:—
Who this is, right well I wis;
My dear girl is just like this.

A FEW SCOTCH PROVERBS.

"He that speaks wi' a draunt (drawl) and sells wi' a cant, is right like a snake in the skin of a saunt," is, we suppose, an experience drawn from Puritanic days; "but "Ye come o' the McTakes, but no o' the McGies," is applicable for all time. What a wise warning against dependence on the great is conveyed in the few words, "Ha' blinks are slliddry" (Hall benches are slippery:) and what a striking one (even to the extent of rudeness) against evil courses is expressed in the prophecy, "Ye'll hang a' but the head yet." If such a misfortune, however, should have chanced to overtake your parent, you should not make it a topic of conversation, for "He was scant o' news," says the proverb, "that tauld the father was hanged."

Of a greedy and avaricious person it is soothing to reflect that "He'll hae enough some day when his mouth's fu' o' mools (earth;") and of one who is dishonest, that, notwithstanding "He may be trusted" yet "in a house fu' o' unbored millstanes." Of home, as might be expected, there are several pathetic Scotch proverbs, but the following has humor as well as pathos: "'Hame's hamely,' quo' the devil, when he found himself in the Court of Session."

THE ORIGIN OF TEA.

The following story concerning the origin of tea, goes current among the Chinese:—Darma, the son of an Indian King, came into China about the year 519 of the Christian era, purely to promulgate his religion; and to gain it the better reception, he led a very austere life, eating only vegetables, and spending most of his time in contemplation of the Deity. The nights especially were devoted to this exercise, pursuant to a vow he had made against sleeping. After continual watchings for several years, sleep once overcame him; but on his awaking, such was his remorse and grief for having broken his vow, that he cut off his eyelids, as the instruments of his crime, and with indignation, threw them on the ground; but the next day he found them metamorphosed into two shrubs, now known by the name of *chaa*, or tea. Darma, eating some of the leaves, felt himself not only more sprightly than usual, but such was the vigor imparted to his mind by these leaves, that his meditations became more fluent, pithy and exalted, and without any lassitude. The preacher was not wanting to acquaint his disciples with the excellent virtues of these shrubs, and accordingly the use of them became universal.

☞ Heaven gives us enough when it gives us opportunity.

UNSUCCESSFUL IN THIS LIFE.—I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill-success sometimes arises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good, from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as say, with a living poet, "that the world knows nothing of its greatest men;" but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

Useful Receipts.

POTATO ROLLS.—Boil 2 lbs. potatoes, pass through a colander, or mash them well; add 2 oz. butter, and a pint of milk; a little salt, 1 gill of yeast, and as much flour as will make a soft dough; set them to rise; when light cut them in cakes; let them rise ½ hour, and bake. *Sweet* potatoes make beautiful biscuit, mixed as above.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Boil 1 pint of milk; cut up 2 oz. butter into it, add a little salt; when tepid, sift in 1 lb. flour, 1 egg beaten, 1 tablespoonful yeast; beat these well together; when risen, form into rolls, with as little handling as possible. Bake on tins.

A NEW CURE for burns is noticed as infallible by *Les Mondes*: The affected part is kept under water, in a basin, or a bath, the negative pole of a Volta-Farradaic apparatus is put in communication with the water, while the positive pole communicates with some part of the body out of the water and near the injury. The patient feels no pain, and the inflammation is subdued, generally in an hour. When the whole person has been in flame the patient must be put into a bath, with the negative pole in the direction of the feet, and the positive one touching the nape of the neck. Some of the water must be changed every fifteen minutes to prevent it becoming warm.

KNICKERBOCKER PICKLE.—As now is the time for packing down beef in families for winter use, we give below the recipe for the good old fashioned Knickerbocker pickle which we have used ever since we have had a family, and which we prefer to anything else. The following is for 100 lbs. of beef; 6 gallons water, 8 lbs. salt, half coarse half fine, 3 lbs. brown sugar, 1 qt. molasses, 2 oz. saltpetre, 1 oz. pearlash. Mix and scald the whole together, and when cold, pour into the vessel upon the beef.—*Exchange.*

GREENING PICKLES.—It is considered very desirable by housekeepers, that pickled cucumbers, mangoes, etc., should be of a deep green color. They taste no better, but they look nicer. A way of doing it without the aid of poisons is recommended by Mrs. Haskell's Encyclopedia, which is as follows: When packing the cucumbers in salt, line the barrel, bottom and sides, with grape leaves, and pack between the layers of cucumbers a quantity of the fresh leaves, until the barrel is full. When salted through, remove them from the brine, and pour boiling water on the pickles several times. If not the desired color, line a tub in the same manner that the barrel was prepared, and pack the pickles with a large quantity of the leaves. Heat vinegar boiling hot, pour it over the pickles, and cover them tightly. If, next morning, they are not sufficiently greened, drain off the vinegar, reheat it, and pour it over them again; repeat the process until of the color desired. When they are sufficiently greened, pour over them hot vinegar; if they taste of the vine leaves, change the vinegar after a week.

Agricultural.

HORSE-STABLE FLOORS.

On this subject the Ohio Farmer says:—As the winter approaches, the prudent horseman will look to the condition of his stables, that they may be in order to receive his stock when they can no longer be left to range upon the fields. Where a good, firm and dry footing can be secured, it is better to have an earth floor than to stand the horse on planks. We were particularly pleased with the stables of the Ladd brothers, of Jefferson County, during our visit to that place. The brothers Updegraff also have their stable bottoms of earth, which on their limestone hillsides is firm and dry. William H. Ladd has a nice, smooth bottom both to his horse-stables and sheep-yard, made from quarry waste, packed like a MacAdamized road, and so cemented with its own dust as to defy water or horse shoes from penetrating it.

With an earth floor horses need less bedding than if compelled to stand upon planks. Speaking of bedding, reminds us of the fact that in this season of scarcity of fodder it will be well to look out for bedding other than straw, which can be used for *fodder*. For this purpose the best material is saw-dust, and now before the heavy fall rains set in is the time to lay in a lot for winter's use.

TREATMENT OF KICKING COWS.

J. C., of Norfolk, Connecticut, says, in a letter to the Agriculturists:—

"The following treatment, which I have tried for some years, has *never failed* to stop the evil. Put a strap round the cow just in *front* of the hag, and buckle it rather tight. If the cow tries to kick, draw the strap a little tighter. She will never get used to it, and it never does any injury. She will keep on eating as usual, but has no inclination to lift her foot, even to walk about."

This may answer the purpose; the experiment is easily tried.

"In witness whereof, we hereby testify to having tried the above, successfully, years ago, upon a three-year old heifer. It is a sure 'pop' every time."—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

"We tried it this fall upon a two-year old heifer, and it worked like a *charm*."—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

THE R. I. GREENING APPLE.

We think it is not generally known that the Rhode Island Greening, one of the very best of our winter fruits, either for cooking or for eating, will thrive better upon low, moist land, than any other variety. Farmers, therefore, who wish to make the most of everything they undertake, and whose orchard lands are not underdrained, will do well to bear this peculiarity of the Greening in mind, and when setting trees upon uneven land, reserve the lowest spots and those which are the longest saturated with moisture for the Rhode Island Greening.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

AUTUMN PLANTING OF STRAWBERRIES.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—"All growers of strawberries in the region around New York, make the most extensive autumnal plantings between the 20th of September and the 20th of November. We plant new beds until the ground is closed by frost, and always with success. Professor Huntsman says his most successful plantings are those that are made latest. Such as are planted the latter half of November we cover with a layer of sedge, straw or hay, for the purpose of keeping it on when the ground becomes frozen; as by thus shutting out the sun's rays we cause the ground to remain permanently frozen during the winter. We find that it is not the permanent cold that injures the plants, but the thawings, which draw out many plants so that their roots become exposed, and are then winter killed.

THE FUTURE OF HORSES.—The draft upon the serviceable horses of the country has been so great, that the horse interest is *bound to go up;* and among the best investments of live stock now to be made will be the purchase of likely colts for raising to maturity; the next to this, the breeding of good horse stock for the future supply.—Now that the practice of Government has cleared the country of low-priced animals, let us turn over a new leaf in our style of horse breeding, and go in for something that will do good service and command good prices.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—C. G. Siewers, Campbell county, Ohio, gives his experience as follows:—"The best remedy I have ever tried is to walk the horse up and down in running water two or three times a day, for a few days; this always cures my horse. The cause I ascribe to a filthy stable, as my horse never gets the scratches, unless I employ a certain lazy farm hand in the neighborhood for a makeshift; he and the scratches come together."

☞ Mrs. Trollope, the novelist, who once abused us Yankees, and was herself well abused in return, recently died at her residence in Florence. She was over eighty years old.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 11, 1, 24, 34, 30, is a lake in Africa.
My 20, 6, 35, 30, 29, 4, 25, 9, 14, 11, 26, 1, 33, 5, 30, 17, is a cape in Asia.
My 29, 11, 26, 1, 19, is a city of New York.
My 11, 30, 27, 27, 30, 5, is a city of Ohio.
My 8, 9, 13, 5, 27, 11, 30, 5, 5, 13, is a city of Massachusetts.
My 15, 21, 30, 21, 26, is a river in South Carolina.
My 24, 9, 35, 6, 13, 16, 25, 7, 13, is a river in New Hampshire.
My 29, 19, 29, 29, 24, 11, 26, is a river in South America.
My 11, 6, 10, 26, 27, is one of the United States.
My 27, 26, 13, 31, is an isthmus.
My whole is a regiment of brave volunteers.

CASSIE of Brandywine.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a very precious thing,
Now seldom seen in use;
Much good through me has been achieved,
And also much abuse.
Take off my head, and lo! we trace
The track of changing years—
The wreck of beauty, youth and grace,
The wear of time and cares!
Again curtailing, then transpose,
I speak to idlers free,
And warn, if they would meet success,
To work with energy.
Cross out my centre, and a name,
All holy in its tone,
With calm, deep echo stirs the heart,
And points to Heaven's throne!

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If three points on the earth's surface whose respective latitudes are 38, 40 and 42 degrees North, and corresponding longitudes 80, 73 and 75 degrees West, be connected by rhumb-lines and also by arcs of its great circle, required, the included area in each case, supposing the earth a perfect sphere of 7915 miles diameter?

Baltimore. E. HAGNERTY.

☞ An answer is requested.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of two numbers plus twice the square root of their product equals 256, and the square root of the smaller increased by 8 equals the greater. What are the numbers?

REUBEN BARTO.

Fredericksberg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBABILITY QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two great circles are drawn at random on a sphere. What is the probability that their mutual inclination, taken less than 90 degree, will be contained between 67 degrees, 32 minutes, 48 seconds, and 59 degrees, 39 minutes, 23 seconds? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, A and B, have received each bequests by their father's will; A received twice as much as B; B says to A, if half what was left you was added to the ⅓ of twice what was left me, the sum would be $3812.50. Required, the amount each received?

Philadelphia. R. J. McBRIDE.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why was Helen of Troy like many a modern snob? Ans.—Because he adored Paris.

☞ Why is the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman? Ans.—Because it has a stern duty to perform.

☞ If I argue with a man who is in a house on the other side of the street, why can't we ever agree? Ans.—Because we argue from different premises.

☞ Why are horses in cold weather like meddlesome gossips? Ans.—Because they are the bearers of idle tales.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

RIDDLE.—"For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it."—Habakkuk, 2nd chap., 11th verse.

Answer to PROBLEM by Delta, published October 10th.—Area of tract 99¾ acres. The ash and maple trees are 120.4150 perches apart.—Morgan Stevens, Iowa; Daniel Diefenbach, Pa.; Ecoller, Ohio; S. J. D., Illinois; Gill Bates, Hopeville; Reuben Barto, Pa.; Wm. D. Foulke, Ill.; and Artemas Martin, Pa.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published October 10th.—4, 16, 64 and 256.—E. Hagerty, Baltimore; Gill Bates, Ecoller, Reuben Barto and Morgan Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by Francis W. Hibbard, published October 10th.—1, 2 and 3.—Gill Bates, E. Hagerty and Morgan Stevens.

Mr. Gill Bates acknowledges his mistake in sending an answer to Mr. Martin's PROBLEM of August 22nd, as a solution is impossible.—*Ed. Riddler.*